THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Ten-Percent Patriots

One thing the public will not quietly permit as this nation prepares to conscript its man power is the unlimited enrichment of corporations working on defense orders. The excess-profits tax and debt-amortization bill now being prepared by the House Ways and Means Committee can and should be drawn up in such a way as to prevent profiteering. The immediate question is whether big business can write enough jokers into the bill to enable manufacturers to weaken its restraining clauses. Financial and industrial interests are trying hard to provide the bill with more loopholes than the Maginot Line. These efforts reached a climax when a Big Business Expeditionary Force of special pleaders and lobbyists invaded the hearings as "witnesses." Steel mills, the various aviation industries, chemical plants, etc., all offered ingenious grounds for special exemptions. Almost to a man the industrialists argued that an effective excess-profits tax would impair the defense program. What they were saying, in effect, was that they themselves would impair the defense program unless permitted to make all the money they wanted. That should be recognized as a threat of deliberate sabotage.

Blitzkrieg

By August 13, headlines in Berlin, London and New York all proclaimed that the Blitzkrieg had begun—a contradiction in terms, since originally the Blitzkrieg meant a surprise attack and if ever any military operation was well advertised in advance, this is the one. Nevertheless it seemed that the headlines might be right. Day after day, the heaviest aerial attacks of the war were directed against British military bases, with as many as 500 German planes participating. Reports of the results from both sides were wildly contradictory but it is certain that heavy damage was done. The British said that in the air one of their machines was worth four of the Germans'; but Hitler's superiority was so great that he could afford to lose four times as many ships as the British over a long period if by so doing he could "soften" the enemy and prepare the way for actual invasion. Political experts noted that a German peace offensive was also going on behind the scenes, perhaps with the coöperation of the Vatican. Some military experts thought the real blow was still a little distance away. They believed that the invasion would be simultaneous with an attack on Gibraltar in which Spain would participate, declaring war for that purpose and possibly dragging Portugal in with her. At the same instant the Japanese would move southward to take full possession of French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. For the world as a whole, despite the intense activity over Great Britain, it was still the hushed moment of abnormal calm before the tornado strikes.

Mussolini in the Desert

Thus far, the campaign in Africa has produced no decisive results. The distances are vast, the terrain and the climate difficult in the extreme, and the numbers

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so far engaged on both sides comparatively small and with limited equipment. The Italian object is first to close the Red Sea, then to capture Egypt through an encircling movement and get control of the Suez Canal. With the fall of France, the Italians have some frontage on the Red Sea near its juncture with the Gulf of Aden and they are seeking to extend this by the capture of Berbera, in British Somaliland, which fronts entirely on the Gulf. The Italian forces in Ethiopia used for this purpose are cut off from home and dependent mostly upon supplies assembled before Italy entered the war. The Ethiopians are still hostile and no Italian is safe if he ventures a hundred yards beyond the protection of his army. As for the Egyptian front, the British say they have strong forces there and express confidence regarding the outcome. Their position would be stronger if they had the Arab world solidly behind them. And why aren't the South Africans sending troops north to fight in the equatorial highlands?

Imagination Wanted

The lack of imagination and the inability to carry through a bold political stroke, on the part of the British government, drives its friends in other parts of the world to despair. For months it has been obvious that one such action was badly needed. Britain should have said to India: "Take your freedom. We hope you will continue to fight on our side, but whether you do or not, you are free." If the British had been shrewd enough and bold enough to say this, India would certainly have stayed in the war and redoubled her efforts, since she has no desire to be gobbled up by the totalitarians. But the old men in London lack the vision for gestures of this sort. They have now given a dubious promise to India that is actually less far-reaching than the one made in 1917 and shamelessly broken when the World War was over. They have let slip a golden opportunity to create a wholehearted ally instead of a vacillating serf.

Jappeasement

It would be a mistake to read too much significance into the withdrawal of the British troops from the foreign settlement at Shanghai, and from all China. Britain is indeed following a policy of appeasing Japan, under what her government considers the lash of necessity. But in this case the British seem to believe merely that their troops are so badly needed for the defense of Hongkong they cannot afford to keep them in Shanghai. The American force is now the only one left in China that is not subservient to Japan. How long it will remain, and indeed the whole fate of the Western powers in the Far East, depends upon the outcome of the British-German war.

Meanwhile, the Japanese provided one of the few bits of humor in a gloomy week. They arrested nineteen foreigners on a charge of espionage, when that espionage consisted in listening to short-wave radio. They held a big public demonstration demanding that Great Britain withdraw her troops in China several days after Britain had said she would do so. Finally, and funniest of all, they offered to protect all American interests in China if we would kindly follow the British example.

Two More Red Pins on the Map

Trouble is brewing in two more places on the map of Europe. Soviet Russia has again begun to talk about unbearable provocation and hostility by the Finns, using language almost word for word the same as that which Hitler employed against Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. Some observers think that Stalin is about to demand a new and strongly pro-Soviet government in Finland, either for military reasons, for economic ones or just because he wants to make hay and thinks the sun is now shining. A thousand miles to the south, trouble has suddenly developed between Albania and Greece. This means that Italy is contemplating a hostile move against the Greeks, possibly for its own sake, possibly to frighten them out of collaborating with the British in the Eastern Mediterranean. Incidents on the Albanian border are like those on the border between Russia and Japanese Manchukuo: the world never hears about them unless some great power has an urgent reason for giving them publicity.

Hatch Act Comedy

The Democrats and Republicans have now had a great exchange of moral issues with the results apparently a tie. Mr. Fletcher's proposal that the Republicans violate the spirit if not the letter of the Hatch Act by dividing up their big contributions was a breath-taking piece of cynicism; Mr. Willkie did what he could to offset it by announcing he would have nothing to do with such a plan. Remembering that the best defense is to attack, he proceeded with a blast against the Democratic campaign book, with its expensive advertisements and more or less compulsory subscriptions. Mr. Willkie said this book is also a violation of the Hatch Act and warned that if he is elected President everyone who has anything to do with it will be prosecuted. Senator Hatch and Attorney-General Jackson, both Democrats, proceeded to back him up. Mr. Roosevelt may thank heaven for Mr. Fletcher's ineptitude; Mr. Willkie should give thanks that the professional politicians in the Democratic ranks are as slow-moving as they are stupid. Gentlemen, the campaign is under way.

A General Staff for Labor

Our national-defense effort has now been under way long enough to reveal one great danger and weakness. The weakness is lack of coördinated planning at the

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top and the danger is that we shall not cure it promptly and vigorously enough. Only within the last few days has our army begun to plan for restoring a GHQ. There is no agency to harmonize the major policies of the army, the navy, the Advisory Commission which is to mobilize production for them and the Department of State which creates the details of the American policy these bodies are to support.

Mr. Morris L. Cooke, the well known consulting engineer who contributed to our supplement on The Cost of Defense has pointed out that one field in which coördinated activity is desperately needed is that of labor. Our future safety, our very national independence, rest upon our creating a sufficient body of skilled workmen within a specified length of time and placing them at the proper jobs. This work involves taking over the unemployed, training and retraining them as necessary, and putting them to work. Yet half a dozen agencies are attacking this problem without coördination, in ignorance of one another's activities, to some extent at cross purposes. There is great danger that we shall train too many men for one job, not enough for another, shall prepare some men for "ghost jobs" that no longer exist. If we need a General Staff for America, a General Staff for foreign policy and a General Staff for the defense forces, we also, and urgently, need a General Staff for labor.

No Vacancies

During the last few weeks we have received many letters beginning, in effect, "I have always wanted to work for The New Republic, and now that the resignations of Lewis Mumford and Waldo Frank have left two vacancies on the staff I hasten to apply for a job." We hate to disappoint these applicants, some of whom are very able young men (and women). But they might as well save their postage stamps. The function of Messrs. Mumford and Frank as contributing editors was almost wholly confined to contributing articles; and in Mr. Frank's case at least, the contributions of recent years had been rather infrequent. The working staff and working policies of The New Republic are the same today as they were before the Big Wind.

Stealing Negro Property

There are lots of mean and ugly rackets in the United States, but surely one of the meanest is that described by Thurgood Marshall, special counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in The New Republic last week. In several states in the South, white men are systematically conspiring to steal the property of Negroes. The representative of the Nordic race gets his eye on a piece of Negro-owned property that he wants. He quietly arranges with local officials that no bill for property taxes shall be sent to the Negro owner. Many people in the South, whatever their color, believe that taxes are not due until the bill has been received, and therefore make no effort to pay. If the owner sees through the trick and calls at the tax collector's office, he is put off with an evasion.

At the proper time—everything is extremely legal!—the property is secretly auctioned off for a few dollars to the white instigator of the plot. The Negro owner knows nothing of it until half a dozen armed white men appear on the property and force him to leave on a few hours' or even a few minutes' notice. The New Republic knows of one case where a Negro who was ill was dumped out on the roadside.

One of the states where this device is being practised is Florida, which depends so greatly on the money brought in by winter tourists from the North. It seems to us that the state's reputation for honest dealing would be worth more than the petty bribes local tax officials can get from such dirty business.

Variety

The producers of the film "Boom Town" had fun with a sequence in which the hero as oil magnate was hailed to Washington for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The government prosecutor, an extremely offensive person, hammered away at the confused hero with such terms as "Bourbon" and "economic royalist" and the bias against "government interference" was an plain as a bent spike. According to the story the time was supposed to be 1925; but they couldn't wait.

The automatic phonograph, or juke-box, is becoming a new major industry. The president of the association of businessmen operating the machines is quoted in Variety for the estimate that the present yearly take on the three or four hundred thousand machines in operation is between sixty-five and eighty millions.

The press sheet for MGM's film "Pride and Prejudice" bears the following disclaimer: "The events and characters depicted in this photoplay are fictitious. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental." No pride, no prejudice.

Canceled During Darkness

Sign of the times: We have received a letter from a valued subscriber of many years' standing, in the Netherlands, asking that his subscription be canceled. "On account of the altered situation," he writes, "I must request you to stop the delivery of The New Republic if this publication should contain literature that cannot be approved of by the German government." Does The NR contain such material? You bet your life! We have canceled the subscription and have placed the value of the unexpired term to the subscriber's credit in an American account where we hope and trust Germany cannot get at it. We wait for the time, which we trust is not far off, when our subscriber can write us saying: "The embargo on the import of

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truth into the Netherlands has been removed. Restore our subscription, and to hell with the Nazis."

News Notes of a Week

The Philippine National Assembly voted Manuel Quezon totalitarian emergency powers for the present "dire crisis." . . . France awaited the "war guilt" trials with the conviction that the outcome would reveal the future policies of Hitler's Pétain government better than all its pronunciamentos. . . . Germany maintained a significant silence as to whether she would give assurances of safe conduct to American ships transporting refugee children, a necessary stipulation of our congressional proposal. . . . Before Italy claimed the sinking Britain announced that the British submarine Odin had been sunk by the Italians, thus setting a new record for war communiqués.

Experts said that large quantities of scrap metal badly needed by American industry were still going to Japan, embargo or no embargo. . . . Willkie suggested an amendment to the Hatch Act requiring Federal officials to list their personal assets on entering and leaving office. . . . The NLRB found against Henry Ford in the Dallas case, a subject to which The New Republican will return. . . . Twelve CIO union leaders in California were sentenced for contempt after refusing to give the union membership list to an investigating committee of the state legislature. . . . Container manufacturers were looking for a way to make tin cans without tin.

Starvation in Europe

AMBASSADOR CUDAHY said in London recently that unless help were provided, 8,000,000 persons would starve to death in Belgium this winter. Former President Hoover thinks the total number for all Europe will be 18,000,000. On behalf of the European Food Distribution Commission he is negotiating with Great Britain and Germany to see whether it is possible to send in Americans and supervise the distribution of food in such a way that it will serve no military purpose. Germany replies that it is all England's fault, since she brought about the blockade. Her spokesmen have repeatedly boasted that they have enough food for the winter and, in fact, to hold out indefinitely. The British say that under no circumstances will they permit the blockade to be lifted; that it is one of their most important weapons. They dispute the statement that 18,000,000 or any other number of people are in danger of starvation if the food available is equitably distributed.

Stated in these simple terms, the dilemma by which Americans are confronted becomes probably the most terrible in history. Shall we connive at a method of war which may condemn millions of innocent victims to death? (No one, of course, ever dies of starvation; the death rate from other diseases simply goes up.) It is not enough to say that Britain is blockading the Continent, that we cannot send food without her consent even if we wanted to and that nobody would propose we should fight the British at sea in an effort to break the blockade. As a matter of fact, we are in a very powerful position *vis-a-vis* Great Britain. Without our military supplies her situation would be still more desperate than it is. If we were firm enough about it, she might modify her present attitude sufficiently to permit at least some help to get through—say, for children, the aged and invalids. Assuming the danger to be real, the question is whether Americans are willing to exert this pressure upon Great Britain, realizing that her defense is also our own, that if she falls we are in immediate and tremendous peril.

It is hard to see how help can be given the people of the subjugated countries in such a way that it does not aid Germany. Any food that comes from outside releases food to be used for other purposes. Even if Germany intended to let the victims starve, feeding them would still be an act hostile to Great Britain, since the English are relying upon revolt among the conquered peoples to help them win.

Is the threat of famine as serious as Mr. Cudahy and former President Hoover say it is? They do not indicate their sources of information, and it is impossible to believe that they really know. Europe as a whole probably has enough food to get through the winter at a low level, if the utmost care is used in distributing it. A great deal depends on how much the Germans have taken away, upon whether they are willing to send any of it back and upon whether they have the facilities even if they have the will. All these points are doubtful or worse. We know that each subjugated country has been looted of its food with great thoroughness; when the material seized in one French provincial French city amounts to many scores of trainloads, we can imagine what the situation is in the country as a whole. The Germans are completely untrustworthy; whatever they might promise, there is no guarantee that it would be carried out. They don't care who starves as long as their own people are reasonably well fed. Even if they wanted to distribute the food this winter in accordance with the needs, it is not certain that they could do so. In most famines it is distributive machinery and not food supply itself that breaks down.

The information available suggests that Mr. Hoover is being somewhat alarmist. Europe has suffered from

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a severe winter, a backward spring and cold, wet weather. The crop of small grains is bad, but there is more than a normal supply of root crops, forage and corn. Women and children can and do take the place during the harvest of men now in the army. Nevertheless, the winter will be difficult. The production of wheat and rye is down about 20 percent in Europe as a whole. The shortage in the Axis countries will be 15 percent, in the neutral countries 22 percent, and in the occupied countries 45 percent or 200,000,000 bushels. Russia had poor crops and will cut off all exports from her newly seized territory. There is a bad shortage of feed for livestock in northwest Europe which means that animals will be slaughtered. Temporarily there will be an oversupply of meat and after that conditions will be far worse than before.

Unhappily, the aura of politics clings to Mr. Hoover's activities. What he is trying to do ought to be an effort of the government itself or, at least, to be undertaken in close coöperation with Washington. He may even have broken a federal law by negotiating, as a private citizen, with foreign governments. A great humanitarian crusade is certainly not helped when its leader is an outstanding political figure and one of the chief critics of the present administration. To be sure, Mr. Hoover's experience in Belgium during the last war, and in Russia after it, was of value; but such value can easily be overstated. There are probably twenty men in America who possess all Mr. Hoover's assets for work of this sort and none of his liabilities.

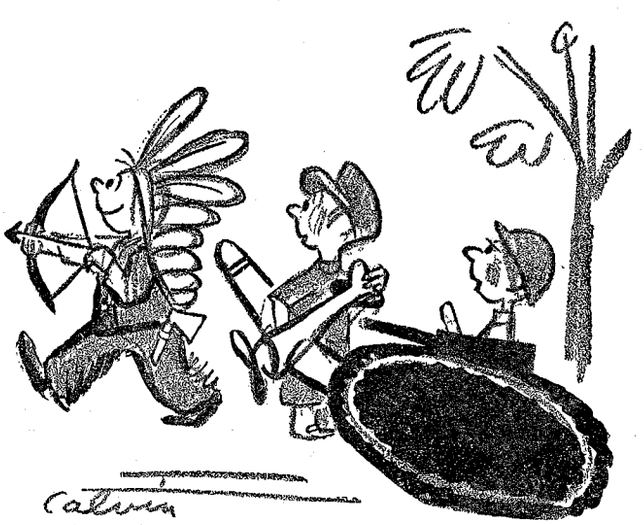
Mr. Cudahy's mission in London seems as curious as Mr. Hoover's activities at home. Mr. Cudahy, an American Catholic and former Minister to Ireland, seems to have been acting as a sort of second American Ambassador in London despite the presence there of the extremely lively and competent Mr. Kennedy. Besides telling his story to the newspapermen, Mr. Cudahy has been conferring with many important figures, up to and including the King. It is perhaps inevitable in such a situation that some people should wonder whether he was representing the United States or speaking for the Vatican, especially in view of his remarks about King Leopold and the splendid behavior of the German army. It is true that the Vatican denied a few days ago that it was engaged in formal peace negotiations; but nobody ever supposed that it was, or would be, so foolish as to make such negotiations formal until after the hope of success had become overwhelmingly plain.

At the present moment, further exploration of the facts seems necessary. What do American experts in the Department of Agriculture and the food trades think about the prospect of famine in Europe? Is the peremptory British rejection of the Hoover plan as official and final as it sounds? Would it be possible to renew the plea with stipulations and safeguards that provide a basis for continuing discussion? It would obviously be to Great Britain's advantage if the situation could be maneuvered so that Germany, and not herself, would be in the position of saying "No." If that were done, it is conceivable that the "No" might become "Yes," at least to a certain extent. First of all, we need to hear from the experts as to whether the predictions of famine are true.

Conscripting Whom for What?

A GOOD MANY PERSONS willing to accept conscription in theory are opposed to the Burke-Wadsworth bill now before Congress. Their opposition has sound arguments in its favor. On a basis of what is admitted to be purely political expediency, the age group has been reduced to men from twenty-one to thirty-one, the category in which the strongest opposition to war exists. Nobody can assert that in modern mechanized fighting a man of thirty-two is not as good as a man of thirty-one; there is deliberate discrimination that would be avoided if the age limit went to forty or forty-four and individuals were then given exemption on the merits of each case. The more the men behind this bill talk about it, the clearer it becomes that their purpose is psychological as well as military—that they not only want to defend the country but to regiment American minds. Meanwhile, all thought of compulsory service as a sort of glorified CCC that would teach our young men arts useful in peace as well as war, has been dropped. This is the same old conscription of 1917, altered in no important particular.

Is it also the same old army, not modified to meet the revolutionary changes in warfare? There is some reason to believe that it is, and that the drafted men would be set to learning close-order infantry drill, although an army trained in those tactics is hardly any more useful today than a body of civilians would be. Certainly no competent military authority has yet jus-



"He's the most old-fashioned kid in the neighborhood."

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tified to the public the calling of 1,500,000 or 2,000,000 men in order to create a mechanized force of a few hundred thousand. In the army and navy alike, the airplane is still the stepchild of the service, in spite of what we have seen in Europe.

The weakness of our national defense is at the top, and the higher you go the greater the defects appear to be. We urgently need a national plan which would tell us just what we are to defend, and where and how and with what; we haven't got it. This national plan should be created and continuously modified by a top strategy board consisting of spokesmen for the army, the navy, the Department of State, the President, the National Advisory Defense Commission; no such strategy board exists. Instead, we have several acute bottlenecks, points at which one individual is overloaded with work and responsibility.

If we had such a planning board and plan, most of the questions regarding conscription that are now being considered by the country in a panic of haste would be irrelevant and would have become so long ago. We should know how many men the army needs and could handle each year, and how to get them. Men and materials would meet in the Army in an orderly and equal flow. It is too late to rectify the mistakes of the past; but it is not too late to prevent the mistakes of the future. If we continue to act on the spur of the moment, hit or miss, with no clear idea of what we want to do or how to do it, there is very little likelihood that we shall be prepared for emergency at the time when the emergency is most likely to arrive.

Could Mr. Willkie Defend Us?

WITH MUCH OF WHAT Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard says on page 247 of this issue, we are in agreement. The Roosevelt administration has not in the past made a good job of our national defense, one big reason being that nobody realized its importance. Practically everybody here, as in England and France, underestimated the power of the German army and overestimated the French resistance. This is just as true of Mr. Roosevelt's critics as of the administration. But in addition the President has not cleaned out the Augean stable of army and navy jealousy, bureaucracy, traditionalism and inefficiency. He has weaknesses as an administrator, which The New Republic has criticized strongly and repeatedly.

But Mr. Villard errs in talking as though the choice were between Mr. Roosevelt and perfection, whereas in fact it is between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie. Mr. Villard waves the question aside by remarking that he does not believe the Republican nominee could "possibly be half as inefficient as Franklin Roosevelt in preparing the country for war." We feel on the contrary that Mr. Willkie would almost certainly be a great deal more inefficient, and perhaps fatally so. The reasons for this we set forward in an editorial in our issue of July 22. The task of preparing our national defense will lie with the working masses of the country. Members of the middle class don't build tanks or airplanes or ships. It is imperative that the government in control shall be one that understands and respects labor, and that labor understands and respects. It is equally important that the selfish class interests of the industrialists shall be subordinated, when necessary, to national defense. But a government of and by business men, dedicated to their glorification and welfare, has its hands tied in advance.

It seems to us an ominous portent that Mr. Willkie comes from the same group in the community as Chamberlain, who failed to arm England, and Daladier, who failed to arm France. Personally, Mr. Willkie is a nice fellow who says he would protect the interests of the entire country and very likely means what he says. But he can't; he is pledged to a business man's administration—*i. e.*, to the proposition that we can bring yesterday to life and make it work. That is impossible; we can't even defend ourselves against Hitler by resuscitating today; we have to live and work in terms of tomorrow. Mr. Roosevelt himself doesn't yet see that sufficiently, but he is far in advance of the nostalgic Mr. Willkie.

The war in the world today is a war of ideas; we cannot compete with the Nazis by a doctrine of nihilism, which is essentially what Mr. Willkie and his followers have to offer. We must not only preserve democracy but fulfill it. With all Mr. Roosevelt's faults and weaknesses, he and the group around him are enormously better qualified for such a task than are Mr. Willkie and the group (of which he is at present only half aware) by which he is surrounded.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Bases of Foreign Policy

THE SHOCK AND WRECKAGE bombed into a British town by a Nazi raid is hardly a greater havoc than that into which the war has broken many American minds. I am thinking not of those who adopt the latest publicity slogan without qualms, ready to discard it a week hence with equal facility, but of those who seek some order in their thought and are disturbed unless they can base their convictions on something more durable than a moment. It may help in arriving at a program of action now, and in being ready to adjust it as circumstances require, to look back over a course followed since the last war—the editorial course of The New Republic.

No intelligent policy can, over a period of years, be one of rigid consistency in a world in which much is unpredictable. One who is obliged to acknowledge no mistakes must have made the major mistake of venturing little. Yet there is an underlying integrity in the attitudes on foreign policy expressed by this paper, as I understand them, which has all along been valid and can be applied usefully today without desertion of its first principles. The views expressed have not always been supported unanimously by the editors, and have usually been held with variations of emphasis; in the present interpretation I speak only for myself. Space does not permit the documentation that would be possible. The exposition is offered not by way of defense or justification, but to present a line that, because it has long continuity, may be helpful to others in deciding what now ought to be done, even if only through reasoned disagreement.

The New Republic was founded in the year in which the First World War started; it was compelled to divert its attention more and more from its domestic program to the world crisis. Its editors were progressives, but never belonged to what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "the lunatic fringe." Like most other Americans they favored peace, but never were pacifists in the negative sense of refusing to accept war under any circumstances. They early pointed out the vital distinction between "pacifism and passivism," meaning that true pacifism was not a mere moral refusal to have anything to do with war, but the effort to build a world in which war would not be necessary.

They early recognized that neutrality, in the full sense of not helping one side more than the other, was impossible; either we must help the Allies by assenting to the British blockade or we must help Germany by breaking it. Breaking it would mean a fight against British sea power. We should literally have to go to war for Germany if we tried to protect our traditional "neutral rights" and "freedom of the seas." But if we did not do that we must, either passively or actively, aid Britain to win. Thus it was concluded that, in terms of economics and military power, we were naturally an ally of the powers that controlled the seas—in other words, of Britain and France. We were part of the "Atlantic world"; genuine isolation was impossible.

There was no pretense that the British navy was, in any literal or historical sense, our first line of defense against invasion by a European aggressor. No sensible person seriously believed an invasion possible. But this country did have to decide on which side it wished to cast its strength. The paper never accepted the thesis of exclusive German war guilt, nor did it overlook the sins of Tsarist Russia or imperialist Britain or France. It did not try to pin its favor on the pure white knight. Even the material interest recognized above did not furnish a good reason for military participation. Nevertheless, the German submarine warfare pushed us toward an active choice. Here was a bitter moral dilemma—how to choose between black and gray when the choice might involve the sacrifice of American lives.

The New Republic solved the dilemma by helping to develop and advocate the acceptance of Woodrow Wilson's peace ideals. A non-punitive settlement on which might be built a League of Nations seemed to offer something positive that might be built out of the ruins, something that would justify acceptance of leadership—and sacrifice—by the United States. And so it seemed to people all over the world.

Another note also ran through the thought of this period. It was a time of revolution. Wars, it was recognized, breed revolutions. Hope was general, not only that the old autocracies would be overthrown in Russia, Germany and Austria, but that movements like that of the British Labor Party would reconstruct the economies of the democratic powers and so end the economic and military imperialism out of which the war had sprung. On such a basis the League could flourish.

As soon as the secret treaties became known, The New Republic began to warn of their danger. When the terms of the Versailles Treaty were eventually published, the editors at once concluded that the chief cause for which they had favored entrance into the war had been betrayed, on account of both the economic and the territorial clauses. On this basis, they foresaw, the League would be a bastard creation, likely to be used to suppress the vanquished rather than to create true international order.

The faults of the Treaty were generally recognized by liberals, but many argued that the United States should enter the League in order to use it as an instrument to eradicate them. The editors reasoned other-

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wise. They saw that the hoped-for changes in power and direction had not occurred in the governments of the victors, that the imperialists were still on top. They had little confidence in the purpose of the ruling classes in France or Britain, after such a monstrous betrayal of the published war aims, to create genuine peace. They felt that if the great power of the United States were placed behind the Treaty and the League sanctions, there would be no hope whatever of modification. But if Europe were left for the time being to work out its own problems, the peril of such an unstable settlement might cause the victors to make the necessary modifications before it was too late. If the changes were not made, and the inevitable war resulted, we should at the worst not be committed to fight in such a dubious cause.

It will be appreciated that none of these attitudes was inspired by doctrinaire pacifism or nationalistic isolationism. Neither were they interventionist in the sense of trying to govern a Europe that could not govern itself. They were dictated by the desire to employ the power of this country in behalf of a world community—positively when the circumstances favored action, and negatively when our abstention would serve to check reactionary forces.

It was in this spirit that subsequent comment on European affairs was conceived. The editors did not regard them as none of this country's business. They freely published advice and blame—opposing punitive measures when taken by France and Britain against the vanquished, favoring appeasement of the German and Austrian republics. In this country they forcefully denounced the futile attempts to collect war debts, which provided an excuse for the disastrous effort to exact reparations. They favored the disarmament that the Treaty had promised. They opposed the economic isolation of the tariff and the unsound international finance of the 1920's. After Locarno they welcomed the approach of Europe toward reason, and indicated that if progress were made along this line, the United States might be justified in joining the League. But they always held that our joining must follow, not precede, treaty revision and a regeneration of the democratic victors.

But sufficient revision was not made in time, and Nemesis appeared in the form of Hitler, whose coming to power was favored also by the encouragement given by French and British reactionaries to the braggart Mussolini, and by their consistent hostility toward the Soviet Union. (Their counterparts in this country were almost equally guilty.)

One thing was certain and was stated by The New Republic at the time—it was too late to appease Germany, once she had accepted Hitlerism. Was it also too late to check fascism by applying League sanctions? We did not know, but we said clearly that that was the only chance, and in respect of the Ethiopian war we urged support by the United States of the sanctions policy. The betrayal of this policy by the governments of France and Britain, and their subsequent actions in relation to Austria and Spain proved that we had been right about them all along. They were untrustworthy partners for democracy. To commit ourselves to them by a policy of "collective security" during this act of the play would have been even worse folly than to have counted on their conversion at the start. If anyone could have stopped Hitler, they could have done it without us at the right time; but they did not wish to do so and we could not do it for them.

The Neutrality laws were an effort to prevent our being impelled into the war that was foreseen, by any force except the free choice of the American people based on national interest. The New Republic favored the laws for that reason, not because it was non-resistant pacifist or isolationist or against any war on any possible ground. These laws recognized the dilemma which had arisen in the last war and prepared to avoid it. They acquiesced in the British blockade before it was ever applied, and simultaneously avoided trouble with German counter-measures, but they made it possible to avoid a boom in credit and industry based on supplying the Allies. At the same time they did not deprive Britain of war essentials, especially after they were modified by the repeal of the munitions embargo.

What were the mistakes of this line of policy? The chief ones were grievous and entailed tragic consequences. But I believe they were mistakes of judgment and prediction rather than of aim and method. The first was to hope too much from revolution after the First World War, to expect that the victorious nations would not continue their imperialist policy. It would have been better to throw the power of this country behind what The New Republic originally had suggested—a "Peace without Victory." That mistake led to the disappointment at Versailles and after, to Hitler and Mussolini themselves. The second mistake was more recent—it was not to see how likely a Hitler victory in this war would be, though Britain and France belatedly decided to oppose him, and how menacing that victory would be to this country and the world's future. If we had foreseen that, we should not have changed our opposition to "collective security" but we should have advocated far greater industrial and military preparedness by this country two years ago. The consequences of this mistake have still to be seen. Without it, we might have been able to save Britain from being conquered at the last extremity; it may yet prove perilous to the safety of the United States.

The present terms of this continuous line of foreign policy are familiar and can be listed simply and categorically:

1. The utmost possible help to Britain short of war.

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2. Prompt and full preparation for any attack on ourselves—direct or indirect, by all the channels the fascists have shown their ability to use in the past.

3. Abstention from any commitment to help Britain win the war (if she succeeds in beating off attack) without full understanding of what she would do with victory, and without ability to hold her to the promise.

4. Recognition that the only world order in which the United States should become a partner is one in which the democratic revolution is fulfilled—in economic and social terms as well as in political.

GEORGE SOULE

Britain Needs a Capital Levy

AMERICANS are watching Great Britain at bay with a fascination based primarily on the fear that another year or two may see us in the same position. This is true not only in regard to her military efforts, but in regard to her financial sacrifices as well —financial sacrifices which seem breath-taking even compared with our own heavy expenditures at present. We are badly in need of answers to such questions as: How much is Britain spending? Is she spending enough? Is she raising the money in the right way?

Sir Kingsley Wood, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just introduced the latest budget to the House of Commons. He estimates that England's expenditures during the current fiscal year will amount to approximately three and one-half billion pounds, while his predecessor, Sir John Simon, believed he could manage with only two and seven-tenths billion pounds. Between Wood's and Simon's respective budgets lurk the German victories in the Netherlands, Belgium and France. Simon's budget was drawn up in the belief that the war would develop into a protracted campaign, during which Britain would gradually be able to transform her enormous economic reserves into military realities. On the other hand, the Wood budget was framed in a time of immediate peril, with the British Empire standing alone against Hitler's Germany.

Wood's budget exceeds Simon's by about 800 million pounds. Since the civilian expenditures of the English state remained stationary (they show only a nominal increase, caused by the diminution of the pound's purchasing power) the increase in the budget is almost entirely an increase in strictly war expenditures. Converting the pound at four dollars—which approximately corresponds to its actual purchasing power—England's military expenditures amount to twelve billion dollars a year, or a billion dollars a month. Compared with American armament expenditures this represents a gigantic sum, especially since Britain's population is only one-third the population of the United States. But however exorbitant the sum may appear in such a comparison, it is still behind Germany's corresponding expenses.

Long before Hitler embarked on his blitzkrieg, The London Economist published an estimate of Germany's war expenditure, arriving at the sum of three billion pounds a year (at one pound to fifteen marks). This means that Germany's expenditures for a long time before Hitler came into the control of the whole European continent approximately equaled Britain's present military budget. Germany entered the war with immense quantities of equipment and munitions, stored up during her years of productive preparations. She embarked on the war with a military budget which was, even during the relatively calm first phase of the war, two to three times greater than Britain's.

Today, with danger imminent, England's budget only begins to approach the figures of the German budget drawn up for the outset of the war. By now, however, Germany's military expenditures are considerably above the monthly one-billion-dollar record, since she is now organizing the armament production of her occupied territories, in addition to her own production. It is no wonder that Wood's latest budget, like the earlier budget of Sir John Simon, is considered insufficient by English critics. Certain English quarters are fully conscious of the fact that if only Britain succeeds in weathering the next few months, actual war expenses will by far exceed Wood's estimates. Already, The Economist presumes eventual costs amounting to four and three-tenths billion pounds. However, English experts are critical not only of the size of the new English budget, but also of its intended methods of coverage.

What is this all about? England's annual national income was estimated at five billion pounds in times of peace. The major part of this sum was devoted to the purchase of consumer goods. A smaller segment of it went into investments, *i.e.*, toward the purchase of productive goods. In contrast to the United States, the number of unemployed as well as the extent of unused productive capacity was not particularly great in Britain. The possibility of potential increase, in so far as labor and productive capacity are concerned, was estimated at 15 percent. This percentage is probably too high, since all efforts to raise England's total production to a maximum efficiency must overcome the effects of daily air raids, which naturally reduce English production directly and indirectly. If now three billion pounds' worth of war materials are to be extricated from this English productive system, it is quite obvious that the people's normal consumption must suffer considerably, not only so far as easily dispen-

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sable consumer goods are concerned but also in regard to basic necessities. This diminution of civilian consumption may amount to one-third of normal, and in certain cases even to one-half and beyond.

This drastic restriction of consumption is, in itself, no simple problem; moreover, it raises crucial social questions. Will the burdens of privation be equally shared by all strata of the population? Will the same sacrifices be demanded from all classes? The millions in the working class are rather doubtful. Today, English workers prove their willingness for extremely heavy sacrifices. They have voluntarily renounced many precious privileges, achieved through the embittered struggles of several generations. Working hours have been extended, and Sunday's rest is frequently discarded.

Conscious of their own efforts in the interest of all, they demand similar sacrifices from the other strata of the English population, especially from the propertied classes. And they are quite outspoken in their opinion that sacrifices to equal their own have not been offered by all classes as yet.

Thus workers frequently complain that certain unrationed foodstuffs are being bought at higher prices by members of the propertied class, who suffer no lack of nourishment while much of the working class already stands on the threshold of undernourishment. The executive council of the Labor Party declared that considerable resentment is already being manifested because only the poorer households are called upon to make genuine sacrifices in regard to war rationing. Since wealthy families able to afford more expensive foodstuffs may now eat as much as they can pay for, the Labor Party has called on the government to restrict luxurious and unnecessary expenditures for foodstuffs.

The feeding of Britain already represents a considerable problem, which may deepen even further in the near future. The more energetic German attacks become against Britain's merchant shipping, the more English ports are raided and paralyzed, the more imports will decrease. Already England's imports decreased from £105,553,000 in May, 1940, to £90,477,000 in June. The diminishing quantity of foodstuffs available necessitates an increasingly equal distribution of all provisions, if the fighting spirit of the population is to be kept at its present level.

Such an equalized distribution is the more important since masses of the working class, liberals and even an increasing number of conservatives are quite dissatisfied with the methods proposed for the coverage of the growing expenditures. In this respect, Sir Kingsley Wood continued to respect the conservative traditions so faithfully adhered to by Sir John Simon. His budget assumed that only a little less than 240 million pounds out of taxes would be used to cover increasing expenses. He expects the following increases:

Source	*This Year*	*Full Year*
Income tax ...	£ 60,000,000	£ 84,000,000
Surtax	8,000,000	11,000,000
Estate duty ...	1,000,000	6,000,000
Beer	7,500,000	13,000,000
Wines	1,500,000	2,150,000
Tobacco	6,000,000	9,000,000
Entertainment .	1,800,000	4,000,000
Purch. tax	40,000,000	110,000,000
Total ...	£125,800,000	£239,150,000

Assuming that taxes will actually yield the amount expected by Wood, and that expenditures will not exceed his estimate, only about 40 percent of the budget will be covered by taxes. More than two billion pounds must be covered through loans. It cannot be doubted that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to obtain these two billion pounds, and even two and one-half billions, by voluntary loans. In the first World War, the overwhelming part of all war expenditures was covered by loans. However, as the Labor Party pointed out, this system fails to reduce existing social antagonism in Great Britain. If anything, it aggravates it.

Since only 40 percent of the expenses are covered by taxes, since no total rationing of foodstuffs exists as yet, and since all available consumer goods are limited, prices are rising in Great Britain from month to month. It would be wrong to speak of inflation at this stage of developments; but it would be unjustified optimism to ignore the menacing dangers of a probable inflation. At present, the income tax is deducted from the wages and salaries of workers and employees. This means that they never see their full wages and salaries. On the other hand, the propertied classes still do not pay their income tax at once. Were the purchasing power of the pound to remain stationary, this would make no particular difference. If, however, the pound is going to lose 20 percent of its purchasing power during the next few months as it did in the past, workers and employees will make greater sacrifices by paying their income tax at once, while the propertied classes will pay it in a devalued currency.

Moreover, assuming that the propertied classes will contribute the sums required for the prosecution of the war by voluntary loans, and assuming that England is not totally vanquished, the British people will have to pay interest on these loans during the years following the war as they did, during the interval between the first and second World Wars, on loans previously contracted. The workers, whose labor is harder today than ever before, but who have less to eat and fewer goods despite their harder work, still remember the decades between the two World Wars, when their labor had to supply part of the interest due on old loans. Today they are raising their voices against doing it again. If *they* have to work seven days in the week to

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help the nation survive these months of dangerous crisis, they demand from capital greater sacrifices as well. From month to month, they intensify their demand for a capital levy, a property tax, to cover part of the war's financial burden.

A section of the English upper class sharply opposes such measures. However, if the Battle of Britain is not decided during the next few months, this capital levy may soon become a reality. It is neither a novel financial measure nor "bolshevism." When, a few years before the first World War, Hohenzollern Germany decided on a heavy increase in the army, part of the enormous additional expense was raised by means of the so-called "Wehrbeitrag." The propertied classes were compelled to contribute a capital levy of about one billion marks beyond their ordinary taxes. More recently Switzerland, although not involved in the war, introduced a capital levy to cover part of the expenses of her mobilized army of 500,000 men out of a population of 4,000,000.

If Britain's workers are to be convinced that England's propertied classes are really making a great sacrifice in this hour of peril, a capital levy will be inevitable. Financially, this would lead to a considerable reduction of the nation's interest obligations, since these are due only on loans.

In the course of this war, the English working class has captured strong political positions; its power will increase as the war goes on. England is a country with few farmers, and thus the British army, if it grows to millions, will be the only one in the world in which the working class will have the absolute majority.

During the debate over Sir Kingsley Wood's budget, Frederick Pethick-Lawrence, a Labor member of Parliament, said: "When the war is over we cannot go back to the gross inequalities of riches and the disgusting exhibition of luxury cheek by jowl with poverty in a large section of the population. The 200 families whose intransigence has ruined our neighbor, France, tried to save themselves and their fortune, and in the process ruined their country." These remarks were greeted with applause even on the Conservative benches. We shall now see whether this applause will be followed by action.

FRITZ STERNBERG

The Lonely Eagle

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO a young Swedish-American mail pilot with a nice modest grin flew a single-motored monoplane over the Atlantic Ocean without stopping. . . . *Old Charles Augustus Lindbergh Senior would have been mighty proud if he could have lived to see the way his beloved common people went crazy over his boy.* . . .

A short time ago an almost-middle-aged successful business man mouthed a collection of foggy and untrustworthy platitudes about war over a coast-to-coast hookup. . . . *The old man was dead, years ago.* . . .

The Lone Eagle has come a long way in thirteen years: from the twice-endeared idol of the masses (first as the heroic young aviator who symbolized to them all that was straight and clean in a dirty system, and then as the heart-searing figure of the bereft father) to the well tailored stooge for wiser and more vicious minds. It was a pitiful and ugly descent, but it certainly wasn't untrodden. . . . *In whatever particular hell old radicals go to when they die, the old man and Albert Brisbane (his little boy Arthur went the same way without being kissed by the President of France) could have had a wonderful time swapping stories about how the process works: what it is they do to a boy you bring up right.* . . .

It started early. When Lindy landed in France the whole country went wild. He was written up and banqueted and kissed publicly by everyone above the rank of corporal. They didn't dare let him out on the streets or he would have been torn apart by crowds that spent day after day just trying to get a look at him. In a sudden insane forty-eight hours he had become the intimate of kings and presidents and ambassadors. Maybe the transition was just a little sharp for a boy whose friends two days before had been airplane mechanics and gas-station attendants. The climax of the whole lunatic business came when the United States government sent a special warship over to France to bring him back. . . . *It happened to be one of the warships whose construction the old man had fought against when he was in Congress, but after all, even he wouldn't have expected the boy to fly back.* . . .

When he got back to the states it was worse. They mobbed him at the dock and they mobbed him everywhere else. If he sent his laundry out, the girls stole it for souvenirs. They hid secret microphones in his bedroom to broadcast his remarks while he was undressing. He was hounded by every crank and madman in the country, and after a while Lindbergh came to identify all the American people with these pitiful lunatics. They say that's when he started to dislike the common people. You couldn't blame him, really. . . . *Except that old man Lindbergh had been mobbed too, only not by people who wanted to show him how happy and proud of him they were. The old man was mobbed by good old-fashioned American lynch crowds; and they mobbed him because he talked for peace in a time of war and that made him a German agent and a Bolshevik and an all-around louse. And it didn't make him hate the people. He understood them, and he*

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knew they were misguided and foolish; and, if anything, it made him want to do more for them. . . .

Pretty soon Slim was making good-will tours around the United States and to foreign countries. In Mexico he was the guest of the American ambassador, a former Morgan partner, in his luxurious villa, and there he met and fell in love with the ambassador's daughter. It was a long way up for the son of a schoolteacher and a poor Farmer-Labor Congressman. . . . *She was a nice girl, but old man Lindbergh would not have failed to appreciate the irony of the marriage. He had made enough trouble for the Morgans and their kind in his books and speeches. . . .*

One of the first things Lindy did back in America was to write a book, all about "the famous flyer's own story of his life and his transatlantic flight, together with his views on the history of aviation." The book was called "We" because everyone had read the stories in the newspapers about how Lindbergh had grinned modestly in France and said "we" did it, meaning his plane and himself (although the book was "I" all through, and printed all the speeches people had made calling him the greatest American since George Washington). . . . *The old man had written two books himself, but they were different. One was published during the War and exposed the "war for profit group," and the other was written after the War about the "economic pinch" and what the common people could do about it. . . .*

Lindy's book contained a foreword by the Honorable Myron T. Herrick, American ambassador to France, calling Lindbergh "a God-sent messenger of help, smiling the defiance of his faith at an all too skeptical world." It also included some very patronizing stories about Negroes (no one noticed them at the time) and a lot of pictures of airplanes and French politicians and medals and financial backers. It sold well over a half-million copies. . . . *The old man's books weren't as important as the son's book because they sold only a few hundred copies instead of half a million, and they didn't have pictures. Soon after Lindy got back to America even those few hundred copies disappeared from circulation. There's a story that someone bought up all the available copies and destroyed them. . . .*

Well married, a colonel in the officers' reserve now, Lindbergh's social position demanded a respectable and not-too-taxing job. The commercial airlines, with a lot of undesirable aliens and other troublemakers asking ridiculous questions about subsidies and government ownership, could use a pure young man to front for them. Particularly if he had a name they could capitalize on. So they dropped the word and pretty soon there was the Lindbergh Line. . . . *It was a good thing the old man was out of the way; "undesirable alien" was the mildest epithet they called him in his time and he used to make a little trouble himself for people that "ran" things. . . .*

Then the terrible thing happened. Slim's baby boy was kidnaped and murdered. That was when Lindbergh's dislike of the people and the whole democratic idea turned into fear and hatred. All the cranks and lunatics who had been persecuting him since he flew the Atlantic; the kidnaper and all the sub-human types who had lacked the courage to take the child, but were not averse to exploiting Lindbergh's desire to get his boy back; the newspapermen who decided that this story was even juicier than the Pig Woman, and blew it up into something like a public orgy; all these fused into one and became the American people in his mind. When there were threatening letters about his second son, and when a Hearst photographer cut in ahead of the flier's car and forced it to the curb, nearly causing a smash-up, Lindbergh had only one thought: to get out of the country quick; so he left and went to live in England. . . . *The old man had emigrated from Sweden to America. . . .*

After that there was nothing to stop him. He went to Germany and liked it. Photographs came back to America showing the ex-airmail pilot getting the Service Cross of the Order of the German Eagle. His friends tried to explain this by saying it was suddenly thrust upon him at a public meeting, that he was embarrassed and didn't quite know what to do; but he never gave it back. (Earlier in his life he had received medals he wasn't embarrassed about, but he didn't fly much nowadays.) Lindy had a lot of nice friends by this time: the Duke of Windsor and Hermann Goering (another heroic aviator) and Charlie Bedaux, that friend of the working class. . . . *There's a trio the old man would have liked!* . . . Naturally, a man with power, a man with a name and influence like that could do a lot for his friends, and he did: a kind word for the Cliveden set here, an admiring phrase for the German air force, a few contemptuous remarks about the Russians. . . . *The old man had helped* his *friends, too, but they were the farming and working people of Minnesota. They showed what they thought of him by reëlecting him to Congress for ten years, even when more money was spent to beat him than the combined expenses of all the other candidates in the state.*

Recently, helping his friends has been getting tougher. The Boys needed a willing young man to go on the air and point out to a lot of American hotheads who still believed Hitler was a Bad Man that the present war was just in fun, a playful game between Aryan brothers. What was needed was a nice ripe war against some Asiatic Genghis Khan, bringing his invading hordes out of the East "to infiltrate inferior blood." (It was wonderful the way Lindy never lacked for an audience when he had something to say. The newspapers, the magazines, the radio and the newsreels were always open to him). . . . *When the old man tried to speak during the last war he was banned from one hall after another, and all that the news-*

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papers said about it was that it was a fine thing, and that he should be tried for sedition into the bargain....

Then he wrote a piece for The Reader's Digest and it made quite an inspiring article; all about how the Western nations are threatened by a "pressing sea of Yellow, Black and Brown," and how "we must guard our heritage from Mongol and Persian and Moor." It said that aviation is "a divine gift for the White Race, to preserve its blood against dilution by foreign races." There was a good deal more to it, some of it out of Mein Kampf and some of it out of the Colonel's own head. . . . *By now even his father wouldn't have dared say which was more dangerous. . . .*

Lindbergh has done quite a lot for a fairly young man. He was certainly the most beloved person in modern times, although most of that is gone now. When he came back to America this time, his happy expatriation ended by the war, the crowds didn't litter the streets with telephone books. . . . *After his dad died they said he had been "hated and misrepresented more than any public man in his generation." But you can still go out to Minnesota and find farmers and working people who talk about him as no one will ever talk about his son....*

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

A Court to Prevent Divorce

In Los Angeles County, where 12,382 spouses last year asked the courts for divorce, there is a new court, the Children's Court of Conciliation, created to save, if humanly possible, the homes of the 17,500 children involved in these actions. Known as "the peace department" and the "you-don't-want-a-divorce" court, it is the brain child of Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey, famous as the originator of Denver's juvenile court, who has served on the Los Angeles bench since 1935.

Let us follow the case of "Jane Doe, plaintiff, versus John Doe, respondent" through this court. (No other names are available because the only record is a confidential memorandum made by the judge for his own reference and because there are no spectators, reporters or stenographers.) After a spat with his wife, John Doe had bolted from their home. Presently, still estranged, Jane Doe appeared in the domestic-relations court, petitioning for a divorce. There a surprise awaited her. Without even reading the complaint, the judge asked, "Have you any minor children?"

"Yes. Jimmy, six, and Sally, four."

"Then I'll have to send you to the Children's Court of Conciliation."

It was unlike any court Jane Doe had ever seen. In the anteroom, resembling a doctor's office, the receptionist discarded the "Jane Doe versus John Doe" complaint and made out a new one which read, "The People of the State of California, for the best interests and protection of Jimmy Doe and Sally Doe, minor children, and concerning Jane Doe and John Doe." Two days later, Jane and John Doe and their attorneys were in an unpretentious office, seated across a table from kindly, seventy-year-old Judge Lindsey.

First, the judge explained: "This court is concerned with the right of your children to you, rather than your rights to your children. They have certain rights to live happily under one roof with you. Court records show that your son and your daughter have six times as many chances of becoming charges of the state in a broken home as in a normal home. Now let's see if the difficulties between you justify that risk."

The Judge listened to both stories and asked kindly but probing questions. In less than an hour he had smoked out the Doe troubles. "If John would give up gambling and stay at home at night, and if Jane would quit nagging and run the house more economically, this family would live happily together," said the Judge. Before the session broke up, John Doe had agreed to his part of this suggestion but Jane was obdurate. "Think it over, and meet here a week from today," said the Judge, shaking hands with both, and with the attorneys. "See what you boys con do to save this family," he added to the lawyers. The following week Jane relented, and the Doe family was reunited.

Another case was that of Richard Roe, a struggling young movie actor, Ruth Roe, daughter of a well-to-do family, and Betty Roe, their infant daughter. The Judge talked first with the young husband, who denied that he had been unfaithful, as charged by his wife's attorney. Then he called in Ruth Roe, but had her attorney wait outside. Soon Ruth Roe had admitted that she did not suspect her spouse of infidelity, said that she didn't want a divorce, but that her mother, who had social ambitions, had insisted. "A typical case of mother-in-law trouble," said Judge Lindsey. He made the mother-in-law a respondent in the petition of "the People of California, for the best interests and protection of Betty Roe, minor, and concerning Ruth and Richard Roe." That restrains the mother-in-law, while the young couple work out their own destinies.

This clinic technique for handling such cases evolved out of Judge Lindsey's long experience in the Denver juvenile courts where, as Colorado's first juvenile judge, he served continuously from 1900 to 1927. Then a Ku Klux Klan crusade not only defeated him at the polls, but brought his disbarment. Later, the Colorado Supreme Court exonerated and reinstated him before the state bar, but the battle had broken his health, and he retired to a sanitarium in Southern

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California. His vigor restored, Lindsey was elected in November, 1934, to the Los Angeles County Superior Court bench by the largest majority ever given a judicial candidate up to that time.

On the bench he was assigned a number of divorce cases. Distressed by the acrimony of these publicly tried cases and the effects upon the children, Lindsey approached Judge Fletcher Bowron, now the earnest clean-up mayor of Los Angeles but then the presiding judge of the Superior Courts, and asked permission to try these cases informally, in his chambers.

Judge Bowron approved, and the results were astounding. In twenty-five court days, Lindsey settled cases that normally would have required 150 days, three-fourths of them without trial. In one-third he effected reconciliations, which the routine courts seldom attempted.

Fired by this experience, Lindsey drew up and pushed through the 1939 legislature a bill authorizing County Courts of Conciliation. He was assigned the task of setting up the new court in Los Angeles and opened it last September.

Lindsey's first move was to tear out all formal paraphernalia—bench, witness seat, jury box, spectator's gallery and counsel's table, partitioning the space into a reception room and four small private offices. Lindsey was soon using the four offices to conduct as many cases simultaneously. With the money normally spent on bailiff and clerk, he employed a capable woman lawyer, Mrs. Rosalind Bates, for preliminary questioning and investigating. Henrietta Brevoort Lindsey, his wife, served as another assistant, without pay. Keen for shortcuts, Judge Lindsey used his telephone as the summons server to get witnesses. Nobody was sworn to tell the truth. "I can tell whether people are telling the truth or not," he explained.

While George Jones and his wife and their attorneys—to take a typical day—talk over the court's conciliation proposal in one room, Judge Lindsey slips into another to listen to a frantic mother whose husband has threatened to leave her because loan sharks from whom she borrowed money without his permission garnisheed his wages. Reaching for a phone, the judge talks to the husband, then telephones the money lenders to hale them into court. While they are coming, he drops into a third room to listen to an irate couple who still want to take their divorce through the publicity of the domestic-relations court.

"Well, it will take three full days, with all the witnesses you want to call, to try this case in the domestic-relations court," says the Judge. "It will cost the state $250 a day, and it will cost you more than that. When you get through, the settlement may not be any better than we can work out here in an hour. Your children will brood all their lives over the things you say about each other. For their sake, let's try to work out an amicable settlement here."

Under the law, the Children's Court of Conciliation has thirty days to bring about a reconciliation or an amicable separation before estranged parents can bring formal charges against each other in the domestic-relations court. This thirty-day truce is the key to averting divorces, says Judge Lindsey. "Couples who have a real affection for each other quarrel violently and one or the other starts action," he explains. "After that, neither will back down. The thirty-day delay lets them cool off and they lay their troubles on the table without publicity, and without restraint, something they could never do before a judge sitting in state on the bench."

Lindsey has a genius for making petitioner and respondent alike feel at ease. They can smoke, chew gum, "let down their hair," as he puts it, without offending the dignity of the court. He frequently calls in a physician, psychologist, endocrinologist, a pastor or a priest to help bring around a recalcitrant spouse. He finds jobs for husbands, or wives, or both, to keep families from poverty. He often holds court during the lunch hour to save a husband the loss of work time.

In the first nine months, with Judge Lindsey sitting only half-time on account of his other duties as Judge of the Psychopathic Court, the Court handled slightly over 1,000 recorded cases. In 400 the estranged spouses accepted reconciliation and have resumed normal life in homes affecting 900 children. Another 400 agreed to settle their differences in private and were granted an interlocutory decree, with one year to work on reconciliation before the decree becomes final. Two hundred insisted on fighting it out in public court. Curiously, it was the wife who refused conciliation in four out of five of this last group.

These figures do not tell the whole story. Scores of wives, unbeknown to their husbands, have come in to talk over marital problems with the sympathetic judge, as have a good many husbands, some of whom make contact with the judge at home and at night to avoid publicity.

Legal fees for divorce cases in Los Angeles County alone are estimated at $3,000,000 a year, and I had heard that lawyers were bitterly opposed to the Court of Concilation, partly because cases were settled too quickly to justify the customary fees, and also because, when counsel was needed, the Judge usually fixed the fee at around $50 for each attorney, instead of the customary $500.

Much to my surprise, I found enthusiasm among attorneys. "I'd hate to go back to the old trial method," exclaimed one. Another said, "This court saves days of time for us as well as our clients, and the settlements are better." The taxpayers benefit, too. Mayor Bowron estimates that one Children's Court of Conciliation can handle as many domestic-relations cases as four formal trial courts, and save at least $100,000 a year. "That's nothing at all," he added, "compared to the saving in terms of humanity."

FRANK J. TAYLOR

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The Aggravating Goats

"IF IT'S NOT ONE THING your Pa's done," Ma said, looking all helpless and worn, "it's something else. I declare, sometimes I think I'll never have a minute's peace as long as I live."

The goats that Pa and our Negro houseboy, Handsome Brown, had brought home from our farm in the country the night before, stood up there chewing something in their mouths and looking down at us. The big billy goat had long white chin-whiskers that made him look exactly like Mr. Carter who lived across the street.

"What in the world am I going to do?" Ma said, still walking up and down. "I've invited the Ladies' Social Circle to meet here this afternoon, and if those goats are still up on top of the house when they get here, I'll simply die of mortification."

The two nanny goats were chewing, too, but their whiskers were not nearly as long as the big goat's. In addition to the three grown goats up on the rooftop, there were two little kids up there. The kids were only two months old, and they were only a quarter the size of the billy, but all five of them up there together on top of the house looked like a lot of goats.

Handsome was cleaning up in the kitchen, and all I had to do was go to the edge of the porch and call him. He came out and asked me what we wanted. "The first thing I want you to do, Handsome Brown," Ma said angrily, "is to tell me what on earth you meant by bringing those goats here last night."

"I only done what Mr. Morris told me to do, like I always does when you or Mr. Morris tells me to do something," he said, shifting from one foot to the other. "You oughtn't blame me for what Mr. Morris told me to do, Miss Minnie."

"Why didn't you tell him he ought to ask me first, then?" she said. "You thought of that, didn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I thought of it, but when I got ready to mention it to Mr. Morris, Mr. Morris said, 'the devil you say,' just like that, and that's why I ended up by driving them here like I done."

Ma got madder than ever. She picked up a piece of stove wood and slung it at the goats on top of the house, but the stick fell halfway short of reaching them.

"Go downtown this instant and find Mr. Morris," she told Handsome, "and tell him I want to see him right away. Look in the barber shop and the hardware store and every place he stays until you find him."

"Yes, Ma'am, Miss Minnie," Handsome said, trotting off to look for Pa.

The goats walked along the ridgeplate on the roof, looking down into the backyard at Ma and me part of the time, and the rest of the time looking down the other side into the street. They had got up there by hopping from the woodpile to the woodshed, from there to the porch roof, then leaping up on top of the kitchen roof, and then to the main part of the house.

Ma tried to find another stick of wood to throw at them, but she was too mad then to look for one. She shook her fist at all five of them and then went running into the house. I sat down on the steps for a minute, but Ma came back and pulled me up by the arm.

"William, go out in the front and watch for your Pa," she said, shoving me down the steps, "and the minute you see him coming, you run and tell me. The women will be getting here any time now."

I did not have to wait long, because the first thing I knew I heard Pa and Handsome talking. Pa came walking fast. "What's the matter, son?" he asked, looking up at the five goats on the rooftop. "What's gone wrong?"

"Ma says to get the goats down off the house before the women start coming to the meeting," I told him.

"That's easy enough," he said, hurrying around the corner of the house to the backyard. "Come on, Handsome, and get a hustle on."

"Me, Mr. Morris, you're talking to?" Handsome said. Handsome was big and heavy and he could not walk fast. He always said his arches hurt him when he tried to.

"Hurry up, Handsome," Pa told him. "Stop complaining."

We got to the back yard and Pa studied the goats on the house for a while before saying anything. He liked the goats just about as much as I did, and that was why he wanted them in town where he could see them every day. When they stayed out in the country on the farm, we did not see them sometimes for as long as a week at a time. The goats had stopped walking back and forth on the roof and were looking down at us to see what we were up to.

"Handsome," Pa said, "go get the ladder and put it up against the porch roof." Handsome got the ladder and stood it up the way Pa told him to.

"Now, go up there and chase them down," Pa said.

Handsome looked up at the big billy goat and backed away. "I'm a little scared to go up there where that big billy goat is, Mr. Morris," he said. "He's got the meanest-looking set of horns I ever looked at in all my life. If it's all the same to you, Mr. Morris, I just don't feel like going up there. My arches has been hurting me all day. I don't feel good at all."

"Stop that talking back to me, Handsome," Pa said, "and go on up there like I told you. There's nothing wrong with your arches today." Just then Ma came

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out, pinning a white starched collar. She came as far as the steps and stood looking down at Pa and me.

"Now, Minnie," Pa said, talking fast, "don't you worry yourself one bit. Handsome and me will have those goats down from there in a jiffy."

"You'd better get them down from there in a jiffy," Ma said. "I've never been so mortified in all my life. All these women will be coming here to the circle meeting any minute now. What will people say if they see a lot of goats walking around on the roof of my house?"

"Now, calm yourself, Minnie," Pa said. "Handsome is on his way up there now."

Handsome was still backing away from the ladder. Pa walked over to where he was and gave him a shove.

"Hurry up and do like I told you," Pa said, shoving him toward the ladder again.

Handsome fidgeted a lot, killing all the time he could by hitching up his pants and buttoning his shirt, but he finally made a start toward the ladder. He climbed to the top and stepped to the porch roof. Then he started backing down again.

"Handsome Brown," Ma said, running out into the yard where we were, "if you come down that ladder before getting those goats off the roof, I'll never give you another bite to eat as long as I live."

"But, Miss Minnie, my arches has started paining me again something awful."

"I've warned you, Handsome Brown," Ma said, tapping her shoe on the ground, "and I mean exactly what I said."

"But, Miss Minnie, I—"

"I've warned you once and for all," Ma said.

Handsome looked up at the goats, then down at Ma again, and after that he climbed up on top of the kitchen roof. When he had got that far, he cut his eyes down at us to see if we were watching him.

Just then Ma heard some of the women coming up the street. We could hear them talking almost a whole block away. Ma shook her finger at Handsome and ran inside to lock the front door so the women could not get into the house. She figured they would sit on the porch if she did that.

Pa and me sat down on the woodpile and watched Handsome. He had gone as far as the top of the kitchen roof, and he was sprawled on the ridgeplate, hugging the shingles. He looked awfully small up there. "Don't you dare let one of those goats get hurt, or fall off," Pa shouted at him. "And take care that those little kids don't get caught in a stampede and get shoved off to the ground. I'll skin you alive if anything happens to those goats."

"I hear every word you say, Mr. Morris," Handsome shouted down. "I swear, I never saw such a slippery place before. I'm scared to breathe, Mr. Morris."

He waited, killing time, to hear if Pa was going to say anything more. After a while, he found out that Pa was not going to answer him, and he inched himself along the ridgeplate towards the main roof. When he got to the top of the pitch, he gave one more look down at the ground. He shut his eyes when he saw it and did not look down at us again.

"Take care those goats don't get hurt," Pa shouted.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Morris," Handsome said, sounding far off. "I'm taking the best care I can."

He got to the edge of the main roof and climbed on it. From there to the top where the ridgeplate was, it looked as far again as Handsome had already climbed. When he got up there, he threw one leg across and sat astride the ridgeplate, hugging it for all he was worth.

The goats had gone to the far end of the roof, getting out of Handsome's way. He got halfway across when it looked as if the billy had taken it into his head to come back of his own accord. When the billy started, all the goats came, the big one in front, the medium-sized ones in the middle, and the little kids behind. The billy had lowered his head until his horns stuck up in the air like lightning-rods.

"Wait a minute!" Handsome yelled at the big goat. "Wait there a minute, I said!"

The goat kept on toward him. When he got four or five feet from Handsome, he stopped, chewed half a dozen strokes, and looked Handsome in the eye.

While Handsome and the billy goat were up there staring each other in the eye, Ma came running out into the yard to see if the goats had been chased off the roof.

Just then the billy gave a lunge, and went at Handsome with his head tucked down and hooves flying out behind. Handsome saw the goat coming at him in time to duck, but the trouble was that there was no place he could go, except flatter on his stomach. Handsome dug into the shingles with his fingers and held on for all he was worth.

"Look out, Handsome!" Pa yelled when he saw what was happening.

The goat flew into Handsome headlong with all his might. For an instant it was hard to tell what was going to happen after that, because after the billy had butted Handsome, both of them sort of stopped short, like two boards coming together in mid-air.

"Hold on, Handsome!" Pa yelled up there at him.

The next thing we knew, Handsome was coming down the slope of the roof, backward, on the seat of his pants. We had no more than seen that when he left the roof and was coming down into the yard. The first thing we thought of was where Handsome was going to land. The yard was hard and sandy, and there was not a thing there, such as the woodpile at the other end of the yard, to break his fall. But before we knew what had happened, he was out of sight. He had gone through the well-cover like a bullet.

"My heavenly day!" Ma screamed. "Handsome's gone!"

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She tottered and fell in the yard in a dead faint. Pa stooped to pick her up, but he dropped her after he had raised her part way off the ground, and ran toward the well to see what had become of Handsome.

Pa tore across the yard to the well. It was pitch-black down there. Pa yelled at Handsome, and the echo bounced back like a rubber ball and blasted our ears. "Answer me, Handsome!" Pa shouted some more. "Answer me!"

Ma got up and staggered across the yard to where we were. She had a hard time steadying herself, and she came reeling toward us like Mr. Andy Howard on Saturday night. "Poor Handsome Brown," Ma said, clutching at the well-stand to support herself. "Poor Handsome Brown. He was the best darkey we ever had. Poor old Handsome Brown."

Pa was busy unwinding the windlass. "Shut up, Minnie," he said out of the corner of his mouth; "don't you see how busy I am trying to get this rope and bucket down in here?"

"Poor old Handsome Brown," Ma said, brushing some tears from her eyes and not paying any attention to Pa at all. "He was the best darkey we ever had."

"Shut your mouth, Minnie!" Pa shouted at her. "Can't you see how busy I am at what I'm doing?"

By that time Ma had got over her fainting spell, and she was able to stand up without holding onto anything. "Are you down there, Handsome?" Pa shouted into the well.

There was no answer for a while. We leaned over as far as we could and looked down. At first there was not a thing to be seen, but slowly two big, round, white balls started shining down in the bottom. They looked as if they were a mile away. Pretty soon they got brighter and then they looked like two cat eyes on a black night when you turn a flashlight on them.

"Can you breathe all right, Handsome?" Pa shouted.

"I can breathe all right, Mr. Morris," Handsome said, "but my arches pain me something terrible."

"Fiddlesticks," Pa said. There's nothing wrong with your arches. Can you see all right?"

"I can't see a thing," Handsome said. "I've done gone and got as blind as a bat. I can't see nothing at all."

"That's because you're in the bottom of the well," Pa told him. "Nobody could see down there."

"Is that where I am?" Handsome asked. "Lordy me, Mr. Morris, is that why there's all this water around me? When is you going to get me out of here, Mr. Morris?"

"Grab hold the bucket on the rope, and I'll have you out of there in no time," Pa told him.

"Mr. Morris, please, sir?" Handsome asked.

"What do you want now?"

"When you get me out of here, you ain't going to make me go back up on that roof again where them goats is, is you?"

"No," Pa told him, turning the windlass. "Them aggravating goats can stay on top of the house until they get hungry enough to come down of their own accord."

We had forgotten all about the goats, we had been so busy worrying about Handsome. Ma turned and looked up on the roof. She shook her fist at them, hard. All of them had crossed to the other end of the roof, the end near the kitchen, and they were standing up there looking down at us. The billy goat looked Ma straight in the eye, and he stopped chewing while he did it.

Just then fifteen or twenty of the women who had come to the circle meeting stuck their heads around the corner of the house and looked at us in the backyard. They had got together when they found the front door locked and decided to come around and see what was going on.

"My sakes alive, Minnie Stroup," one of them said just as we were getting Handsome out, "what's going on here? Those goats up on top of your house is the funniest sight I ever saw!"

Ma wheeled around and saw the women. She did not say a word, but her face turned red and her hands flew to her face, and then she ran into the house through the back door. She slammed it shut and locked it behind her. Pretty soon the women went to the front door, but after they had knocked on it a long time, they gave up trying to get in, and all of them walked back down the street. They kept looking back over their shoulders at the goats on the roof and laughing loud enough to be heard all over that part of town.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

Rumba! Rumba!

No, not the downfall
of the Western World
but the wish for its downfall
in an idiot mind—
Dance, Baby, dance!

thence springs the conflict,
to pull all after
rather than to submit—
and end in a burst of laughter
Cha cha! Chacha cha!

to hide the defect;
the difficulty held
burden to perfect
melted in a wish to die—
Dance, Baby, dance
the Cuban rumba!

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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Washington Notes

Disarming the New Dealers

THE PENDING excess-profits and amortization tax promises to worsen the position of the New Dealers and to deprive them of all real control over the armament program. Up to now, they have been able to exercise a degree of influence through the Treasury. The Treasury had jurisdiction over all tax matters; in addition, Secretary Morgenthau's approval was needed before either the War or Navy Department could finally close a negotiated contract with private manufacturers. At Mr. Roosevelt's direction, the latter power—general supervision over negotiated contracts—is about to be passed to Mr. Donald M. Nelson of the National Defense Advisory Committee. And the new tax bill, as well as can be judged from preliminary drafts, will give the NDAC authority to decide when amortization privileges are to be granted or withheld.

To all appearances, the Treasury is being gently pushed aside, and this is to be regretted. Around him Secretary Morgenthau had gathered some of the ablest of the young New Dealers, men like General Counsel Foley. Who will remain among the New Dealers to have a share in the gigantic armament program? Other than the Treasury, the only New Deal group at all actively concerned with the program is Secretary Hopkins' young men in the Commerce Department. In all charity, it must be admitted that the Hopkins assistants have so far been relatively ineffective. They were partly responsible for the now defunct Latin American cartel scheme—which Mr. Hull did not even bother to mention at the Havana conference. Whether the scheme was practicable need not be argued here. The point is that Mr. Hopkins and his group permitted it to be slaughtered without a determined protest. Mr. Sidney Hillman and Mr. Leon Henderson are full-fledged members of the NDAC; they are perhaps the only New Dealers with direct influence over the armament program.

At the time of the Democratic Convention at Chicago, it was reported that Mr. Roosevelt had offered the vice-presidential nomination to Secretary Hull. More recent information substantiates this; as one informant puts it, Mr. Roosevelt "went down on his knees" to Mr. Hull. What was Mr. Hull's motive in refusing the proffered honor? There seems to be no more esoteric explanation than Mr. Hull's well known dislike of campaigning and his desire to continue as head of the State Department.

If this is true, a potential tangle exists inside the Department. It has been widely assumed that Under-secretary Welles is a candidate for the secretaryship if Mr. Roosevelt wins in November, with Ambassador Bullitt as a possible rival. But, because of his unfailing triumphs in Latin America, it will be very difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to suggest to Mr. Hull that he retire if he really wishes to stay on. Accordingly, there is danger that Messrs. Welles and Bullitt will take much the same roles *vis-a-vis* Mr. Hull that Colonel Louis Johnson took *vis-a-vis* Mr. Woodring. The Woodring-Johnson feud half wrecked the War Department. It is enormously important that a similar outcome be prevented in the State Department.

With Mr. Henry P. Fletcher's formal legal opinion on the Hatch Act, the New Dealers caught the Republican National Committee clearly out of bounds. The Hatch Act provides a top limit of $3,000,000 for a national political party, a top limit of $5,000 for a single contributor. Mr. Fletcher proposed that wealthy Republicans split up their contributions among the national committee, state and county committees, the Associated Willkie Clubs, etc. In this way the du Ponts and Pews could make their customary $50,000 and $100,000 gifts. It was an invitation to violate the spirit of the Hatch Act, if not its precise legal terms. Nevertheless, it must be recorded that the most remarkable thing about Mr. Fletcher's opinion was its unashamed candor rather than its substance. At the time the Hatch Act was passed, Republicans and Democrats alike, especially in the House, voted for it only after they had satisfied themselves that it could be evaded, and evaded in much the same ways that Mr. Fletcher indicated. It was useful to have the Republicans reveal themselves in a characteristic pose, and the incident gave the New Deal Democrats their first opportunity to recover from the dispirited lethargy remaining from the Chicago convention.

One of the most hush-hush matters in Washington is the extent and character of our military espionage. It is never officially referred to. However, military espionage now has an importance that it has never before possessed. Previously there has always been a military balance of power in Europe; no single European country, ringed about by potentially hostile neighbors, could afford to make a major attack on this hemisphere. Particularly if England is conquered within the next few months, it will become vitally necessary for us to know in detail the precise degree of Germany's military preparedness, what the German high command is thinking and doing.

According to information here, our wholly legal military and naval attachés in central Europe have already reached a high degree of efficiency in discovering and reporting military developments. As far back as Munich, when most Americans preferred to believe that Hitler's armaments were a bluff, they are supposed to have warned repeatedly that the German army and air force, in case of war, would probably defeat the European democracies. Shortly after the war of 1917-18, in response to congressional insistence, our Army and Navy Departments ceased to employ paid civilian spies. Officials now decline to say whether this practice has been resumed. They boast, however, that our espionage services are of high quality and adequate for all contingencies.

According to report, the chief television manufacturers have commenced friendly conferences to agree on an instrument capable of receiving all their varied telecasting services. This is to meet the requirements of the Federal Communications Commission, which is insistent that no receiving sets be marketed that will tie the purchaser to a single telecaster. It is predicted that commercial television will be inaugurated by about next January.

Washington T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Dollar Chasers and Herb Doctors

I FOUND MYSELF INTRIGUED by the comment of the President on the defection of Mr. John Wesley Hanes from the ranks of the President's supporters. The President told the reporters, as readers will recall, that Mr. Hanes was an amiable young man whose interest—like Mr. Lewis Douglas's—ran to dollars.

I think it a fair statement that Mr. Hanes's interests run to dollars. Men do not find themselves in Wall Street chasing dollars unless they are interested in that quarry. What touched my interest was that the President should have been so long in making this discovery.

Readers of this column may remember that when Mr. Hanes was appointed by the President to the Securities and Exchange Commission this writer protested vigorously against the appointment. I wrote (December 15, 1937):

> Mr. Hanes is disqualified from sitting on this Commission on a score of counts. He is president of an investment trust—Equity Shares, Inc. He is director of another investment trust, Tri-Continental Corporation, which is dominated by Seligman and Company and Mr. Hanes's brokerage firm. He is director of Case, Pomeroy and Company which is interested as investment bankers in all kinds of companies. He is a director of twenty-one corporations, some if not many of which will be before the Commission with security registrations. He is interested as investment banker in issues which will require action by the Commission.
>
> Of course we will be told that Mr. Hanes will resign his brokerage seat and his directorships. This assurance is made to adult Americans on the principle that they are all damn fools. No public official who has the least conception of the proprieties should make such an appointment. No broker who is an honorable man should accept it.

I thought that then and I still think so. When Mr. Roosevelt named Mr. Hanes as a member of the SEC he knew that he was a man not merely with an interest in dollars but with an enthusiastic devotion to their pursuit. I knew it too. And I thought it disqualified him from sitting on the SEC. But it did not disqualify Mr. Hanes in Mr. Roosevelt's mind until Mr. Hanes lost his taste for Mr. Roosevelt.

In fact Mr. Hanes—and his interest in dollars—pleased Mr. Roosevelt so much that he raised him from the Commission to be first the chief fiscal adviser of the Treasury and then Under-secretary and, for a while, he sat in the inner councils of the New Deal—dollars and all. Now he has gone—and suddenly his dollars become a mortal sin.

But the damage done by that appointment is not gone. Mr. Roosevelt put his seal upon the practice of naming to regulatory commissions members of the industry and enterprises to be regulated. This was not the first time Mr. Roosevelt had employed this dubious technique. When he was Governor of New York and Bob Moses, in an official investigation, called attention to the danger of bank affiliates, naming the Bank of United States as a shining example, Governor Roosevelt named a member of the Bank of United States directorate to investigate affiliates. And of course he got a whitewash of bank affiliates as a prelude to the scandalous failure of the Bank of United States. But there now stands the record of a so-called liberal administration in naming a stock broker and investment banker as a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission. And despite his unhappy experience with Mr. Hanes, the President has named another Wall Street man—Mr. Samuel T. Pike, Stone and Webster utility man and vice-president of Case, Pomeroy and Company, the same concern where Mr. Hanes sharpened his appetite for dollars—to the SEC. And as his executive assistant on defense problems he named another—executive head of one of the most notorious Wall Street investment-banking houses. Two more gentlemen with a keen interest in dollars.

In thumbing back through old numbers of The New Republic for what I had written about Mr. Hanes, I came upon a column printed January 12, 1938. The great boom that had been predicted at the beginning of 1937 had evaporated into thin air. And as 1938 dawned things were looking rather bad. It struck me that the government had been calling in the wrong kinds of doctors. Hoover called in the Chamber of Commerce men; Roosevelt called in too many gentlemen like Hanes, Tom Smith, Joe Kennedy, Myron Taylor, Daniel Roper. When the problem became acute and economists were sought, the President began calling in herb doctors of economics. Using this, then, I wrote a column describing the depression as if it were an epidemic of physical disease instead of economics. The column described the descent of a great infection, the President summoning the bankers and business executives instead of the scientists and then, when they failed and scientists were needed, calling in the herb doctors.

Here may I quote the balance of that little fable, written in 1938? I resurrect it now because it contains an element of prophecy which is not wholly irrelevant to the present scene:

> Then some herb doctors from the West urged a remedy that appealed to the President. He tried it and found that it worked. It was a ration of six ounces of rum a day. As the patients suffered from a condition of languor and blood poverty, the rum produced the most pleasing exhilaration and the patients forgot all about their illness. In a little while the epidemic seemed to have almost vanished. There was some difficulty after the patients became used to the alcohol and found that they needed a larger dose to produce the same effect. And soon the President began to fear for the supplies of alcohol, which seemed to be running low. But the nation seemed to be restored to health and the President was hailed as the greatest physician of the age—which was extraordinary, since he had never given the subject a thought before he was elected.
>
> But in time the effects of the rum wore very thin and the supplies of alcohol ran very low, so that the epidemic returned and presently was raging almost as wildly as before. Then the President hit upon his great idea. He discovered, so he said, that the people were suffering from a sort of softness. And he decided that what they needed was a more vigorous and virile existence. Then he remembered one group he had failed to consult. So he called in the generals and the admirals. Before long the trumpets were sounding, the drums were rolling. Great battleships rose upon the ways and thousands wrought upon their sides and in the great steel and chemical and other industries. Men rushed about selling government bonds. Women toiled

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night and day knitting for the guards. Before this vigorous regiment the dreadful disease rolled away like the morning mist and soon the sun was shining down upon a healthy, happy and marching people.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Class-A Paint Jobs

WHETHER "Pride and Prejudice" would make a good screenplay, with its fine network of observation and rather stilted drama, is a question. Surely the book has vitality today, and spirit; and surely its complete picture of quiet lives has enough humor, romance and nice character perception to keep a film moving. Such a story requires more care than ever against the inevitable exaggeration of emphasis, the heightening of reality and loss of illusion, which occur whenever the orderly quiet of words becomes actual people walking around and talking in an actual house. (I don't care what your imagination, "'Oh!' screamed Affie," never stands out like the stock sound-strip for "scream, woman's," suddenly cut into the track.) And of course it would demand a director and actors who could read and know what they had read too. But on the whole I think it could be made to go.

This I will bet is no idle speculation: since the screen triumph of "Wuthering Heights," research staffs must have been pestered at intervals by the front office to see if they couldn't dig up another English mouse who wrote a classic with English society in it, and coaches. And I should remind you that MGM *has* found one with coaches, put a lot of money into costumes, sets and a long cast, and is bringing out "Pride and Prejudice."

The screen version by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin makes it a fairly straight case for the romantic troubles of Laurence Olivier and Greer Garson, in a family setting of what seems most of the time like Mary Boland holding court in the female admission wing at Bellevue. Changes have necessarily been made, but a good bit of the original dialogue—and therefore edge—has been retained, and the continuity is at least continous. Also, there is a lot of pleasure in seeing the rites and customs of past times reproduced in action. As for the principals, Greer Garson managed an intelligent and high-tempered Lizzie Bennet with a sweetness and just-off-beauty that I can't imagine improved upon. Laurence Olivier was given too few hints from the script but kept himself collected, except for a startling new tendency to register emotional upsets by upward jerks of the hand, as though he were starting a smart salute first with the right, then with the left, and then thought better of both. Edmund Gwenn and Maureen O'Sullivan kept their heads and were pleasant company; Melville Cooper did some assured comedy play as Mr. Collins. And Edna May Oliver's ugly-duchess Lady de Bourgh—in a black handkerchief and butter-tub hat—was just the right mixture of the infuriating and the funny.

But it all broke down before it started, simply because both script and direction (Robert Z. Leonard) decided that emphasis is throwing your weight around and not your mind. A bounder has to bounce clear off the floor, irony is a meat-axe and comedy is bedlam; and play every incident for its own sake and to death. Even the likely parts of this picture are colored by the same hamming simplism that maintains a steady climax in the incredible Mary Boland, who has no more conception of the part of Mrs. Bennet than that it is a ripe opening for the veteran showboat acrobatics by which everybody else's line may be flounced into a laugh for her.

She was out to steal the picture, whatever it was about. She was not discouraged in this, and as I try to think back to what "Pride and Prejudice" *was* about, I will testify that she probably succeeded. All right, it's a triumph for her. But though she couldn't be expected to know, couldn't a director? If Mary Boland can steal his picture, who in the world will want it back?

"Boom Town" is the type of film story that has gone more than far enough, try and stop it. The picture shows heartbreak and quick millions in the oil rush of the teens and twenties, out where men are Clark Gable. It has a limitless budget, a fine technical crew, the whole film library of gushers coming in and fields on fire; Gable, Tracy, Colbert, LaMarr, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill and a fellow who plays Walter Brennan under a name he apparently signs of his own volition: Chill Wills. Having which, and being by virtue of which a box-office honeypot that could have been directed to success by a deaf-mute in an iron lung, the spectacle still needed a story. But not too badly.

So they took the Damon and Pythias thing—it's surefire and public-domain. The two men love the same woman, naturally, but she only takes one and hands the box back. So it is Damon and Pythias and Miss Colbert for a while, until the footage on the first oil field runs out. Then it's the neglected-wife business, which leads to one man hitting the other with a few breakaways and the D. and P. idea is definitely out. Nobody will shake hands with anybody, even though the wife comes back in a minute with all forgiven and begs for just one little grip (after two hours, the shaking or not shaking of hands gets to be like a presidential reception). Then one loses his million and the other makes ten, so now *he* holds out his hand and is told what to do with it, so *he* loses his ten and the other makes fifty and for that reason wants to shake—at which point they run in the neglected wife again, with Hedy LaMarr steadily looking like bedtime but only being a friend. In short, if it only could be in short, this is the American oil industry in terms of someone always burying the hatchet and somebody else always clouting him over the head with it, and nobody getting hurt or tired except possibly me. Passion always is laboring around like a volcano and bringing forth a pat on the shoulder; nobility is all over the place and mumbles like a booby; even the ghost of any reason whatever has fled the spot with its fingers in its ears and nothing is left to be misunderstood except misunderstanding.

Movies actually have got to the place where they can be like an expensive London clubman: so damn well dressed it would be a rum show to ask if there was anything there, and so you don't. You have oilfields, explosions, high-power deals and the tremendous national force of a key industry. You have some nice acting people, and some good lines for them, and action, and a good solid background for them too. But save the surface and you save all, or do you. If there's any air in those white-wall tires, you can maybe guess what kind of air I mean.

OTIS FERGUSON

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A Communication

Issues and the Man

SIR: You say that you will support Franklin Roosevelt for reëlection because he "is the symbol of a tendency in the national life, which we believe must be returned to power if this nation is adequately to be made ready to deal with its enemies. . . . It is a question of being ready for drastic changes and supreme effort, of fertilizing the imagination and the intelligence with deep-seated belief in a cause and a destiny." May I differ with you emphatically?

Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably a symbol. So far as you plump for him on the military preparedness side—you insist that "in no country has a representative of business been able to organize the nation efficiently for war"—you must face the fact that if this country is unprepared today the fault lies squarely at the President's door and no one else's. I am not, of course, bringing up the size of the appropriations voted by Congress during the two Roosevelt administrations, or seeking to compare them with those voted during the regimes of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. That is relatively beside the mark. To be efficient militarily in these days is less a matter of money than of planning and of procuring those weapons which are to the front in this war and of seeing to it that those in charge of the military departments of the government are up to date, aware of what has happened in the world and conscious that today's war is almost wholly unrelated to that of 1914-18. France and England have spent vast sums on armaments of late years; the one is defeated, the other has its back to the wall because neither country had the military leadership to gauge how Hitler was preparing and how to meet his new threats and weapons.

From this point of view Franklin Roosevelt stands as a symbol of waste and inefficiency. Under him the heads of the War and Navy Departments have usually been jokes and, despite his intense interest in the navy and things military, he has given no leadership save in the building of more vessels. He has no more been capable of thinking his way through the organization of the Navy and War Departments than he has been able to display deep-seated economic beliefs or knowledge. Hence no beginning has been made in the modernization of the Navy Department until this summer. He has never taken a position as to whether we should not have a single department of defense although that is the organization of seventeen of the leading countries. His love of the navy has never been so great as to induce him to take up the printed charges that (a) the navy is ruled by cliques and favoritism and that promotion goes by kissing; (b) that many of its ships are so badly planned as to be out of date when commissioned; (c) (by Admiral Sims) that the navy's system of education is such that it is not capable of producing officers fit to command the fleet in action. These are vitally important allegations. Justice to the navy alone would seem to demand that they be proved or disproved as libel or slander. For it is not merely the number of warships which counts, but the brains that operate them.

So far as both services are concerned, under Mr. Roosevelt we have had no defense policy whatsoever. Our vast expenditures are in no way related to any established military program. We do not tell the army or navy what they will have to defend or how to do it, and our policies have vacillated from day to day. There is only the slightest cooperation between them. Under Mr. Roosevelt there have been in the War Department, as in the Navy Department, the gravest faults. As Major General Johnson Hagood has said of the former: "It is so involved that no Secretary of War has ever been able to understand it, and no Chief of Staff, however well qualified, has ever been able to keep it under control or to know just what was going on among his subordinates." General Johnson and numerous others have testified similarly. To meet this situation, to prepare against the modern streamlined Nazi army, Mr. Roosevelt breaks his promise to his Assistant Secretary of War and appoints to the headship of the War Department a seventy-two-year-old lawyer, whose previous administration of the Department hardly resulted in a single noteworthy reform and certainly did not touch a single one of the underlying faults which have led General Hagood and others to declare that the War Department will collapse if a war comes!

Roosevelt a military symbol? A symbol, it could be written, of almost everything in this field the nation's leader ought not to be. There is not even at this hour of billions voted any assurance that we shall get an army and an organization of the kind the country should have since it has decided to militarize and, according to one Senator, is "going to beat the fascists by going fascist."

On the other side, if you believe that Mr. Roosevelt is a symbol of the defense of the United States from its enemies within, I reply that after eight years the menace of the eight or ten millions of unemployed remains the same; that our youth is today, I believe, more disillusioned, bitterer and more hostile to the New Deal than at any time since Mr. Roosevelt's rule began. He *has* had a vision; he has done more for labor than all the other Presidents put together; willingly or unwillingly he sponsored the very defective social-security legislation. And yet today he is a symbol of defeat; a symbol of despair to millions of Americans. He stands for unbelievable administrative inefficiency; for good laws so badly drawn as to call for vital revision; for unsound financial and economic measures and for the staggering and needless increase of the public debt; for taxes so threatening as to endanger the standard of living —not of the sharecroppers and the rest of the 30 percent who live on the very rim of starvation whom Mr. Roosevelt has *not* rescued—but those of the workers who still have a decent living.

I hold no brief for Mr. Willkie whose corporation policies and viewpoints I have so often criticized in The Nation and elsewhere. But with all due respect to your belief that no representative of business can organize efficiently for war, I believe that Mr. Willkie could not possibly be half as inefficient as Franklin Roosevelt in preparing the country for war. And I am willing to run the risk if necessary of a period of social reaction rather than the certain prospect that four years more of Roosevelt inefficiency and headless groping will lead both to war and to as complete a collapse of reform and progress, true preparedness and sound foreign

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policy as took place in England when Ramsay MacDonald betrayed the Labor Party and the workers of England.

Thomaston, Conn. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

[*For comment on Mr. Villard's letter, see the editorial section.* – THE EDITORS]

The Bandwagon

"I love New York in the summer," is the theme of Bergdorf Goodman windows this week, highlighting the many things it is fun to do right now in town. There's the Red Cross refugee relief; city excursions and campaigning for one's candidate. Two electioneering windows suggest the costume for the respective party volunteer workers. The Roosevelt fan wears cool navy-and-white print jersey. Willkie's workers favor smart black crepe. – *Alice Hughes's column in Today's Woman.*

Phew!

AMERICAN WOMEN FEEL WAR HORRORS; PERFUMES SCARCE. – *Headline in The Chicago News.*

Any Rags, Any Bottles?

A plume of darkness rising from the chimney of the French Embassy this morning disclosed that the French were destroying records and papers. Members of the Embassy staff said they were burning certain papers which were not important enough to take back to France, but which they did not want to fall into the hands of waste-paper dealers. – *AP dispatch from London to The Boston Globe.*

Leaf on the Shoe Tree

Edith Wilk Willkie looks fragile and is as unassuming as a leaf on a tree, but she is no shrinking lily. She has high courage and a stomach of leather. – *From an item printed in The Chicago Tribune.*

Holy Rolling Stone

Walter D. Kallenbach, Ph.D., Th.D., Blind Evangelist. Toured U. S. with Paul Whiteman's Band. Appeared in Ripley's "Believe It or Not." Special Meetings July 8-21. – *Notice posted on the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City.*

"When There's Work To Be Done, To Be Done"

Prime Minister Winston Churchill has asked all ministers "whose duties are intimately connected with the conduct of the war" to sleep at their offices. "The reasons for this are sufficiently obvious," said Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons today. – *A.P. Dispatch in The Buffalo Evening News.*

Steady Boys: You're Closing In.

DAUGHTER OF COMPOSER DIES. The death of Daniela Thode, 80, eldest step-daughter of Richard Wagner, composer, was announced today. She died at Bayreuth, the ancestral home. – *Berlin dispatch in PM, July 31, page 2.*

BERLIN: WAGNER'S DAUGHTER DEAD. Cosima Wagner, oldest daughter of Hitler's favorite composer, died in Bayreuth, the German radio said. – *News note in PM, same day, page 4.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Georgia's Rotten Boroughs

SIR: Come September 12, Georgia is going to nominate its next Governor. Right now it looks like a clean sweep for red-galluses Gene Talmadge. People in the know are trying to decide whether it is 143 or 156 of the state's 159 counties he will carry. The only opposition candidate with any visible support is Abbit Nix, Georgia Power Company lawyer and prominent Rotarian. Nix is backed by a strange combination: business men, good-government conservatives, New Dealers who can't forget Gene's opposition to Roosevelt when he was 100-percent New Deal and by those members of organized labor who can't forget that Talmadge had National Guardsmen put textile strikers in barbed-wire pens back in 1934.

Oh, but Talmadge, he's a New Dealer now! He has changed his mind about old-age pensions; he swears he won't interfere with the New Deal farm program (his particular peeve in the 1934 and 1936 primaries). He has even admitted he has made some "mighty grievous errors" during the textile strikes. All this has given the façade New Dealers their cue. Lawrence Camp, defeated Galahad of the 1938 purge attempt, climbed on the Talmadge bandwagon last week. With Camp went a skimming of other surface New Dealers.

All in all, it is going to be an excellent primary to watch the working of the machinery of Georgia's political system. Liberals will make a gesture of opposition—about all they can do—toward Representative Cox, labor's most powerful congressional enemy. Cox comes from a district that has only one town of more than 10,000 people. It has no organized labor. Cox is the darling of the plantation owners who control these counties, all with heavy Negro populations.

Congressman Welchel is a fluke of Georgia's county-unit system of voting. In 1936 he got over 2,000 votes less than his opponent. Because he got a one-vote majority in one county—the vote that gave him two extra unit votes—he received the nomination. He holds his place by paying up poll taxes for the poor farmers and unorganized textile workers in the red, eroded hills of northwest Georgia. Recently Welchel was prosecuted by the federal government, charged with selling postmasterships. Special Prosecutor Rogge was on the job. The judge gave the jury instructions that called for conviction. Welchel was freed and now is running on a "persecution" platform against the New Deal opposition.

Gene Talmadge is himself a product of the county-unit system of voting that makes one vote along the rutty roads worth a dozen along street-car lines. McIntosh County with 788 popular votes, for instance, has two unit votes. Fulton County (Atlanta) with over 30,000 popular votes, has six unit votes. The devotion of the small farmers to Gene reminds one of their old devotion to Tom Watson. The loyalty of the cliques around Georgia's wretched, latrine-stinking courthouses springs from their knowledge that Talmadge can be counted on to leave them free to enjoy their little dominions.

A few days before Georgia's primary, South Carolina will

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select its sheriffs, legislators and congressmen. Congressman Hare's relatively liberal record is going to be attacked by the stodgy old time-server whom he replaced two years ago. The Greenville cotton-mill owners and Klansmen are trying to throw a scare into Joe Bryson, whose voting record has been too satisfactory to organized labor for their taste. Charleston's machine will get a light workout replacing its late congressman with a new faithful-unto-death. Of less interest to folks outside the state, but of darn more importance to South Carolinians, are some races for sheriff and state senators.

Georgia's primary will illustrate the workings of the second worst poll-tax law in the South. South Carolina does not charge a poll tax to vote in the *primary*. (Those few who bother to vote in general elections must show tax receipts.) So the percentage of white adults who will vote in South Carolina will be more than twice the number voting in Georgia. Both campaigns will be standard servings of the potpourri of prejudice, plutocracy and pauper-politics that is called "democracy" in the South.

Atlanta, Ga. GEORGE C. STONEY

Liberal Catholics

SIR: Don't make it so hard for Catholics to be liberal! Your constant belaborings are not all justified, I assure you. I have an old French friend, who in her youth was a violent anti-clerical: the last time I saw her she said the Church in France often sponsored programs so radical as to make her gasp.

Boston, Mass. LUCY ASPINWALL

For Which It Stands

SIR: There is no doubt that patriotism is now going to enjoy a premium of attention among the many virtues of American life —and rightly so. Even the most superficial examination of the differences between the U. S. A. and other countries is sufficient justification for pride and loyalty to the American system.

But there is a dangerous element to the effervescence of the patriotic glass. It is the fact that the ardor and show of patriotism can be so easily put on and acted. Now very many of our citizens who are truly incapable of grasping the meaning of patriotism but understand its ritual and verbal dress will put on the show as a means of expressing their base prejudices and of hiding their shortcomings. In fact, these will be the super-super-patriots who will take advantage of the national upsurge to wield their hates and inferiorities upon those who are genuinely patriotic but modest in their expression of it. I say, let's beware.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARTIN WOLFSON

SIR: Public insistence on one's patriotism has always seemed to me to make that patriotism suspect, as does too much insistence on one's honesty—so the flag salutes demanded these days at movies, concerts, gatherings of every sort, never seem to express a great deal except embarrassment that you will not get the words right, or hold your hand in such a way as to offend some precise person who is watching for just that to happen.

At the opening concert of the Hollywood Bowl season last week, I heard a flag salute which to me was so genuine that I want to pass it on. Usually the season opens with a fanfare of some sort—sometimes with a little politics mixed in, or some celebrities on exhibition—something in the Hollywood manner, which is so out of keeping with the quite spectacular setting. This year there were no announcements, no preliminaries. The orchestra began to play The Star-Spangled Banner—the vast audience stood, quietly. As the music progressed I heard a muted humming, growing slowly louder, but to the last it was felt, rather than heard. I was near the top of the Bowl, and to me it was from the heart and truly meant. People seemed more thoughtful, more serious than I have seen them in many seasons of attendance. Was it a tribute to the flag, or to the fact that it was not compulsory, which after all is part of the meaning of democracy?

Our village has its Red Scare—and I should doubtless be suspect by the Legion if my name were printed.

North Hollywood, Calif. READER

History as Repeater?

SIR: It may be relevant in the discussion of current problems to remind ourselves of the words of the Corinthians who advised their allies to move more energetically against Athenian imperial ambitions. Their words, as given by Thuycydides, are:

> We ought to be considering no longer whether we are injured, but in what way we shall defend ourselves. For the aggressors come with their plans already formed against us who have not made up our minds.

Those who consider themselves secured by time and the ocean might review another observation, same source:

> Men are accustomed to grant to inconsiderate hope whatever they wish; but to thrust aside with despotic reasoning whatever they do not like.

Cape Neddick, Me. JEREMY INGALLS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Most of the bright and shiny things we get from California come in crates or film cans. A letter from the ILD in Stockton reports another depressing case of police zeal out there: Valree Gilkey, newsdealer and officer in both ILD and NAACP had the bad fortune to get himself in the middle in some idle street ruckus, the further bad fortune to pull a small pocket-knife, and the final bad fortune to resist two patrol-car coppers—who worked over him intensively. The ILD needs funds both for defense and for the hospital bill (27 South Sutter Street, Stockton).

Our English correspondent (Norfolk) reports that the protests of loyal but liberal subjects against the excesses of home detectives and prosecutors have had a happy result. Churchill has announced that sentences passed on those guilty of "comment likely to cause alarm or despondency" are to be reviewed. This would include such cases as that of the farmer who was fined over a hundred dollars for wondering what a state they'd be in if the Germans sent over planes by the thousand instead of in twos or threes. Our friend says that it was beginning to look pretty tough for anyone with a thought or a tongue in his head. Even such a small bit of good news seems a very bright relief to them in these dark days.

Hedwig Wojtowicz of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, wants us to know that our John T. Flynn has a fire in his mattress. She says that if Flynn thinks the blaze is still two blocks away and that we are therefore safe he is wrong; it is a five-alarm fire and high time "that we start thinking of a better system of fire fighting than the old reliable bucket brigade."

Travers Clement of the Socialist Campaign Committee says our editorial "Are Two Parties Enough?" (June 3) "did a splendid job in listing some of the obstacles minority parties must overcome." He adds that between the party's experience and the aid of non-Socialists who believe in the rights of minorities, many difficulties have been overcome. There is still a tough job ahead in Ohio, Illinois and New York, and coöperation will be welcome.

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Books in Review

New America's Primer

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER was speaking much too soon when he said in 1893 that the American frontier was closed. Land in those days was still being given away, a quarter-section to anybody who would build a sod house on it and live there for five years. In 1909 the allotment was increased to a half-section, or 320 acres, and that meant the opening of the dry-farming frontier; in 1912 Montana alone had 17,865 homestead entries. During the 1920's there was a wheat frontier in western Kansas and the Texas Panhandle; soon it would be more widely known as the Dust Bowl. Even during the 1930's, log cabins were being built and hillsides "deadened" all through the southern Appalachians; but that was a desperate type of pioneering and promised only a few crops of corn before the soil itself was washed away. Effectively the American frontier was closed, and probably closed forever, when President Roosevelt in 1934 and 1935 issued executive orders ending the distribution of public lands.

That was the real end of the era which began when the first woodsmen made their way through Cumberland Gap. The country was settled now, from the Alleghany Front to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and it was beginning to be settled in its social and business ways; people had lately stopped calling it a young country. In 1940 nobody could travel through the states without noticing signs of age—eroded fields, abandoned mines, tumbledown farmhouses, villages without children, cities that had ceased to grow. The population was becoming statistically older, as a result of the falling birth rate; whereas in 1850 the average American was just under twenty, the average American of 1930 was almost forty years of age. The mood of the country was more cautious and discouraged, being that of a man in middle life. Instead of grasping for riches in the future, we were beginning to reckon our possessions and wonder how best to preserve them.

"What have we?" ask the authors of "North America."[1] And they answer, "We have only natural resources. We have nothing else. Indeed, we have fewer material resources each day than we had the day before. We have no prospect of getting anything except that which comes out of the soil and earth of our country and the work of our people, or is secured by trading what we produce for things produced by other peoples." That is their introduction to a general stock-taking of this continent, with its physical, industrial and human resources.

"North America" is something more than a new edition of the standard work by J. Russell Smith that first appeared in 1925 and since then has been used as a textbook by I don't know how many colleges (and as a sourcebook by I don't know how many New Deal pamphleteers). This time Professor Smith has taken a younger collaborator, Professor M. Ogden Phillips, and the two of them have revised the earlier work from beginning to end. The result is a bigger book, containing more than a thousand pages, about one-fourth of them devoted to maps, charts and photographs that really illustrate the text. The result is also a book of wider interest, adapted to the mood of our own day.

It makes us feel that it deals with a subject of extraordinary richness and diversity. It divides the continent into forty-five economic regions, some of them larger than the new Germany, some as small as Belgium. The regions in turn are dotted with fertile islands, like the Aroostook, the Valley of Virginia, the Blue Grass and the Black Waxy Prairie (not to mention others with only local fame, like the Leda Clays, Burke's Garden and the Kishacoquillas Valley). Dozens of regions and subregions have developed their local cultures. It used to be said that America was being completely standardized by mass production and national advertising; but the truth seems to be that localizing tendencies, based on special resources and patterns of livelihood, are as strong as the great centralizing forces. Now that many regions have stopped receiving new settlers, their peculiarities are being preserved and emphasized. But the book also makes us feel that most regions are threatened by the exhaustion of the natural resources on which they have based their social life. Everybody knows about the vanishing forests of the Upper Lakes, the vanishing farmlands of the Red Clay Hills ("Cut'n burnt, cut'n burnt. . . . Po' cotton, po' cawn, po' people") and the vanishing lead and zinc of the Tri-State Area; but Professor Smith gives hundreds of other examples, a whole catalogue of fortunes thrown away.

His book—and it is his book still, for all the new material added by the junior author—has a thesis that makes it something more than an expository text. North America, it says, should be the permanent home of the nations now living here. And this thesis provides a geographical standard of good and evil conduct, namely, that good deeds are those tending to preserve the soil, the minerals, the water, the forests; whereas evil deeds are those tending to destroy them. The book has its heroes and villains. The heroes are the farmers who terrace their lands to prevent erosion, who plant clover to preserve its fertility, who manage their woodlots as carefully as their fields. The villains are those who mine the ores, mine the soil and mine the forests, leaving nothing but wilderness behind them. The war between farmers and miners has been full of stratagems and disasters, and it makes this book of geography more eventful, more dramatic than any but the greatest novels.

But Professor Smith has other theories too, and some of them are more dubious. One is a climatic interpretation of history, borrowed from Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, which holds that cool climates like that of Iceland produce a maximum of mental achievement, whereas hot and

[1] North America: Its People and the Resources, Development and Prospects of the Continent as the Home of Man, by J. Russell Smith and M. Ogden Phillips. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1021 pages, illustrated; pocket map. $6.

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humid climates tend to retard human progress. If that is true, then New York in summer is inhabited solely by morons. Another theory, developed in the chapters about Mexico and the Caribbean, is that North Europeans are superior to all other races. When Professor Smith talks about these lesser breeds, he adopts a tone of kindly condescension, making jokes about Mexicans and Negroes that cease to be amusing in these days of racialism run wild. This is the point where his book is weakest, but fortunately it is not essential to his narrative.

The essential point, I think, is his very practical dream of what this country might become if our present knowledge were applied to improving it; the dream of cultivating our resources in common instead of destroying them to create a few great fortunes. Back in 1931, many of us were reading "New Russia's Primer" because it described the plans and processes of remaking another vast country. This book about our own continent cannot be written in quite such simple terms, considering that our problems are more complicated and that we have not devised the social machinery for solving them, but it has the same qualities of vision and conviction. Possibly it is the most important book of the year; it is new America's primer.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Twain Less a Quarter

Big River to Cross, by Ben Lucien Burman. New York: The John Day Company. 294 pages. $3.

ONE OF THE most fascinating exhibits of America is the Mississippi system, from the early explorers and fighters on down through life on a raft or in the Texas, through the plantation cycle of fiction and flood news in the headlines, through showboats and jazzbands and documentary films. It is not only a mighty force but a legendary thing, with such a hold on the imagination that a good book about it can't miss.

Mr. Burman knows the river and more important he knows how to get along with its people, shantymen, roustabouts, government engineers and that river aristocracy, the pilots. His new book is a collection of history, sketch-writing and reporting that does pretty well by both the color and the care-and-use, with chapters on all the old river standbys and some good material on how the river is coming back as a traffic artery and on the vast control machine of the government.

Covering all aspects, it is still too light on some and heavy on others. I could stand a fuller and better account of the newer barge traffic, more about piloting and maintenance, the structure and handling of boats, a more thorough history and less scattered statistics. And I could get along without the haphazardly lore-ish tone of half the stuff in it. Mr. Burman has a hundred salty phrases ("have to keep your pants pressed so you could peel an apple with the crease") and a bulging notebook; but the collector of legend and superstition needs a better instinct of selection unless he is going to organize his material with more care. History should not be too quaint and breezy for its own dignity, whether it ropes in a few more silly readers or not.

The text is well supplemented by Alice Caddy's graphic and copious drawings.

OTIS FERGUSON

Archeology

The Discovery of Man, by Stanley Casson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 339 pages, illustrated. $3.

MR. CASSON, who is Reader in Classical Archeology at Oxford University, recounts "the story of the inquiry into human origins" with enviable enthusiasm. He begins with the Egyptians, whose low-relief carvings demonstrate that they identified four racial types, and ends with the modern discovery of civilizations and fossils that antedated the dynasties on the Nile. Whenever possible he isolates the particular individual in a society who made the contribution to archeology or anthropology and pours praise upon him.

The book is pleasantly seasoned with the pepper of the author's biases. He proclaims that the pursuit of man's history with the method of objective science is extremely important and he deplores with dignified scorn traditionally minded people and institutions (especially religious ones) who interfere with scientific discoveries. When these premises are granted by anyone, like this reviewer, who is not a member of Mr. Casson's academic guild, then it is positively thrilling to witness how gradually bits of information have been acquired which, when related to one another, reveal the continuity of man's development from prehistoric time. Sir Arthur Evans' excavations at Crete, for example, demonstrate cultural contacts between Egypt and Asia Minor on the one hand and Mycenean culture on the other: the glory that was Greece thus was made to appear less miraculous when the base of its progress was found to have existed in earlier civilizations.

Since contemporary society is so chaotic, demanding and difficult to comprehend, it is well to wonder whether it is necessary or useful to be concerned with a history of man. Certainly archeology and anthropology do not provide any direct clues to enable us to solve the problem of unemployment or to eliminate war. And it would be hollow to maintain that these disciplines, being useless though interesting, must be promoted for their own sake because "therefore" they contribute to what is fatuously called Culture by the respectable. Mr. Casson's broad perspective, however, provides pardonably emotional hope and consolation to those who feel discouraged by the trend of events in this epoch. It is the tangential implications which are of interest to laymen.

When a modern archeologist "digs a hole" or an anthropologist visits a primitive people, he uses scientific precautions and techniques that have been evolved by countless predecessors: no investigator can be so bull-headed as to believe that his contribution to knowledge is a complete innovation. One man alone is unable to advance knowledge in isolation: archeology obtained assistance and inspiration from anatomists, botanists and geologists before it could progress, and now the airplane provides an efficient method for locating sites. In spite of traditionalism, nationalism and stupidity, man now knows a great deal about his past: the advance of every discipline to a scientific stage is always a tale which redounds to the credit of human rationality and curiosity.

The characteristics of humility, coöperation and ingenuity

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pervade the history of any science. We almost inevitably are given thereby the naïve feeling that, since scientific truth eventually triumphs, obscure but conceivable social truth will perhaps likewise triumph. "The Discovery of Man," consequently, can enable our whistle to be a little louder and thus puncture more of the darkness.

LEONARD W. DOOB

Bright Lucifer

The Star of Satan, by Georges Bernanos. Translated by Pamela Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 348 pages. $2.50.

GEORGES BERNANOS in his novel "Sous le Soleil de Satan," the work that immediately established his position among the important writers of France, explores a region of experience with which fiction has been too rarely occupied. Although the quest for holiness by means of what is sometimes called the Way of Perfection has given to the world a large number of highly unusual people, it has been the hagiographer, pious or profane, the historian, eager to prove this thesis as against another, and, more recently, the psychologist, intent upon relating to matter the phenomena of the spirit, who have been the ones discussing the lives of those most often referred to as "saints." With very few exceptions, the novelist has been otherwise engaged.

"The Star of Satan," as Bernanos' book is entitled for the current English translation, concerns a village priest in the north of France. To a great extent modeled after St. Jean Vianney, the canonized curé of Ars, known as "the saint of the confessional," Father Donissan, the curé of Luzarnes, joins battle with Satan, the Prince of Darkness. Although granted the power of instantaneous perception of sin, his life is a continuous martyrdom, since the enemy, powerless to prevent his work of saving souls, is nevertheless able to ensure that the confessor shall not enjoy the consolation experienced by his penitents. Horribly haunted by evil from the moment when he dedicates himself to sanctity until the moment when he dies in his confessional, the man in holy orders is tempted always to the damnation from which he rescues others, and the temptation, coming from him who was once the most brilliant of the angels, is such as to deceive even the elect. The sin against the Holy Ghost, the unforgivable sin, the sin of despair is ever waiting to lure Father Donissan to hell. But he hurls his own *Non Serviam!* in the face of Satan, and victorious at the end becomes a saint with God.

Naturally, a book of this sort demands ability not only from the writer, but also from the reader. As for Bernanos, it is sufficient to say that he knows how to write, that he has what most novelists have not—style—and that with him point of view is far more than a fictional device. The situations and persons in the novel, handled with precision deriving the maximum result from the minimum means, offer scenes so well realized as the encounter on the road at night between the devil and the saint, and characters so surgically dissected as that of Saint-Marin, Academician heir to Anatole France. And the quality of his prose will not surprise anyone who marveled at the terrifying savagery with which he indicted the Franco rebellion in "Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune." But in the matter of attitude toward his subject the problem is not his alone but the reader's as well. Bernanos does not believe in those abstract twins of modern thought, Right and Wrong. He *knows* that Good and Evil actually exist: on the one hand, God, personal embodiment of perfection; on the other hand, Satan, personal incarnation of sin. Obviously, if one considers such a position merely the irrational justification of meaningless dogma, one will consider the novel a morbid exaltation of abnormal behavior. But if the terror of these times has begun to seem more than purposeless, then possibly one may feel that something else than superstitious rhetoric is involved in the prayer for protection "against the malice and snares of the devil who prowls about the world seeking the ruin of souls."

DUNSTAN THOMPSON

Did Planning Lead to Hitler?

German Economy, 1870-1940, by Gustav Stolper. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 315 pages. $3.

DURING THE LAST YEARS of the Weimar Republic, there was no more influential and courageous newspaper in Germany than the weekly Deutsche Volkswirt. It owed its reputation not only to its consistently high literary level but to its unique attempt to integrate politics and economics in a truly progressive spirit. The founder—and prior to 1933 the editor—of this periodical was Dr. Gustav Stolper, one of the younger members of the Reichstag and its leading financial expert, who was repeatedly suggested as Minister of Finance during the last turbulent years of republican Germany.

Dr. Stolper, who has lived in this country since Hitler came to power, and has meanwhile become an American citizen, could therefore draw upon ample and varied experience in writing what may well come to be regarded as the definitive economic history of modern Germany. It is a book intended for the general public, and this may explain why the discussion is limited to the traditional fields of financial writing: trade, finance and industry. Political and social factors, while not completely neglected, receive only scant treatment. Whatever the book may have lost in comprehensiveness it has gained in readability. Particularly well done is the last section, with its account of the economic structure of the Nazi state.

Although "German Economy" is primarily a descriptive, pragmatic history, Dr. Stolper claims to have shown that "the totalitarian regime of the Nazis is merely the climax of the expansionist tendencies and responsibilities of governmental power over the destinies of the German people." Unfortunately this is a very ambiguous statement. It may mean not much more than that Nazi economic policy has been deeply influenced by the character of the economic structure it inherited. A careful reading of Dr. Stolper's book will show that this is what he presumably had in mind. He even goes so far as to assert that the phenomenon of Nazism cannot be understood on economic grounds.

But at first sight Dr. Stolper's claim will be misread by many readers as implying a belief on the part of the author that the trend of German economic policy toward state socialism and the tradition of economic planning are the

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main causes of Nazism. At any rate, this misinterpretation was made by the writer of the publisher's blurb for Dr. Stolper's book. And this mistaken interpretation becomes all the more understandable in view of the belief now widely held that planning and the state control of business were mainly responsible for Hitler. Miss Dorothy Thompson has repeatedly expressed it in her column; and it has become a favorite argument against any kind of government interference with business.

There are many sound economic and political arguments against government intervention; and some of the arguments against central planning are still more convincing. But the argument that economic planning and government interference with business must inevitably lead to totalitarianism is neither convincing nor sound. As Dr. Stolper shows, economic totalitarianism in Hitler's Germany is subordinate to political and social tyranny—an effect, not the cause, of the Nazi regime. That planning in Germany goes hand in hand with political totalitarianism is therefore no proof that economic planning and political freedom are fundamentally incompatible—just as the partnership of capitalism and democracy in the England of the nineteenth century does not furnish conclusive proof that all capitalist societies must by nature be democratic or all democracies capitalist.

This is particularly pertinent in view of the fact that, contrary to general belief, government intervention in modern Germany was in no way more comprehensive or incisive than in other European countries; it merely took different forms. The percentage of the national income that was controlled and distributed by the government in 1929 was about the same in Germany, England and France. In Germany the government intervened directly in production but left trade and banking severely alone. In England, on the other hand, the government has been using taxation and the money power as instruments of political control and intervention in a fashion that would have been quite impossible in pre-Hitler Germany; and the direct economic power of the Bank of England has always been many times greater than that of any other central bank. In France, the government has been following an excessively mercantilist and protectionist policy for at least fifty years, with the main emphasis on the control of trade and marketing; the French system of preferential duties, export premiums, government subsidies, officially supervised cartels and market regulations has been far more stringent than anything known in pre-Hitler Germany. But it is certain that this mercantilism had nothing to do with the defeat of French democracy. Nor should it be argued that the particular forms which government intervention took in pre-Hitler Germany were responsible for the rise of Nazism. Czecho-Slovakia had precisely the same forms—probably developed considerably further on the road toward "Statism"; yet they did not produce the slightest fascist tendency among the Czechs.

The relationship between economic and political trends in the contemporary history of Europe is one of the important problems today. Dr. Stolper in his penetrating study has opened the discussion and has asked the questions. This reviewer hopes that Dr. Stolper will find time in the near future to give us also his answers.

PETER F. DRUCKER

Sound Track

The People Talk, by Benjamin Appel. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 502 pages. $3.

MR. APPEL, starting in the upper right-hand corner of These States, and rambling in a fanwise direction—taking in Bolivar, N. Y., Detroit, Mich., Butte, Mont., and many other points—just listening, got an earful. I think, judging by the record, he has omitted little or none of it in his book. Possibly his contract called for Everything, and in that case he has lived up to it like a Scots nonconformist. But he has also paid tribute to some inner urge by adding impressionistic passages of his own which are almost surrealistic at times, if not something even more Ga or Nyah. For example:

> New Bedford, Massachusetts.
>
> On the old rivers, the textile mills weave together the Puritans' waterwheels and the new smokestacks. Memorial Day wreaths commemorate the concrete highway, named for the Grand Army. Roadside merchants sell cherry cider and fuzzy-wuzzy dogs to the tourists.
>
> The air cooks. The new-mown hay smells sweet. The blue Union regiments march again in the fragrance. . . . The New England of many years, the New England of history, marching over all boundaries of time. . . .
>
> Beyond the yellow dunes, the blue of Cape Cod Bay shines into the evening not come yet.
>
> Sandwich, Massachusetts.
>
> Provincetown, Massachusetts.

This kind of thing isn't intelligently to be justified even in the fifth columns of a Walter Winchell, though it fits his line much better than it does Mr. Appel's. In "The People Talk" it emerges as a kind of a damned interference with what the book is driving at. Further, Mr. Appel goes in too strongly for (. . .), which Mr. Edwin Muir once identified as Mr. H. G. Wells's style wagging its tail.

But I guess these are all the kicks I have to make. What Mr. Appel tries to do, centrally, is serve as a sounding-off board for the people, and when he gets to it, I think he does it, though one needs more time to judge to how much end. Maybe there should have been an interpreter along, but still one can't be sure the job hasn't been done most effectively in just the way it is.

A few areas I am acquainted with are covered by Mr. Appel, as a sound track for the People, in a way that seems very true to me. When I happened back to Detroit two years ago, I sensed something of the struggle to organize the auto workers that he describes (though for the moment it was quiescent). I don't take it ill that Mr. Appel couldn't distinguish the stacks of the River Rouge powerhouse from those of the open hearth; that happens to be of no importance in his case. What is important is that his data on the fight between the CIO and Ford, with figures like Coughlin flowering along the fringes of combat, are plentiful and informative; and his documents on the subject (he inserts a text every now and then) are pertinent, too.

Going on from there, I should judge that Mr. Appel's earful of the Anaconda country and other warm regions in our economy is quite as valuable as what he tells us about the motor capital. He is never selective, like Steinbeck, but

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that, considering the nature of his aim, is not his business. Reading a ream of his off-the-chest monologue, your head will swim, no doubt, and you will be conscious of a growing conviction that the People are goofy. But at the same time, in the intervals, you will sense that they have the bottom to them to get where they are bound for, Jack, no fooling, regardless of blitzkriegs. If you are a tired radical or an eclectic liberal, you can take on a load of this and get reëncouraged.

MURRAY GODWIN

A Reader's List

MICHELANGELO, by Marcel Brion, translated from the French by James Whitall (Greystone, $3.50). A compact, critical biography of the great Florentine sculptor and painter that explores keenly, if somewhat too passionately, the impulses and inner conflicts that determined the character of his work. Though not always convincing, the critical passages are fresh and provocative. Written with clarity and enthusiasm.

ISLANDS OF ADVENTURE, by Karl Baarslag (Farrar and Rinehart, $3). A traveler's impressions of islands (mostly South Pacific) not on tourist routes. The author's visits were usually brief; he tends to believe hearsay; his writing is sometimes slipshod and emotional. But first-hand reports are rare, and a remote island is a good escape any time. Illustrations.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE, by Clarence E. Lovejoy (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). Complete data on American colleges and universities, how to choose a college, high-school preparation, opportunities for self-help and part-time jobs, scholarships available and sample budgets for all types of institutions. Includes the Lovejoy College Rating Guide for 289 colleges accredited by the Association of American Universities.

Science

UNCONQUERED ENEMY, by Boris Sokoloff (Greystone Press, $1.75). A popular but serious and authoritative review of our knowledge about cancer, by a medical specialist who has worked at the Pasteur and Rockefeller Institutes. Answers many questions and explodes many fallacies regarding this great killer, of which we do not yet know the cause and for which there is no specific and definitive cure.

PLAYING WITH LIGHTNING, by K. B. McEachron and K. G. Patrick (Random House, $2.50). Two General Electric research engineers pool their very extensive knowledge of Jove's thunderbolts in a fascinating volume illustrated by some extraordinary action photographs. The technical background is competently handled; the book has chapters on the behavior of lightning, its terrible destructiveness and the latest methods for controlling and exploiting it.

SCIENCE FRONT, 1939, by F. Sherwood Taylor (Macmillan, $2.50). Recent developments in many scientific fields summarized by a competent authority who knows how to choose the significant and to present facts in a readable and exciting way. The chapters on Cancer, Chemotherapy, Plant Growth, Television and the making of oil from coal are exceptionally good. Well illustrated. Should be repeated every year in a book large enough to include more material from more parts of the world.

Fiction

MAYHEM IN B-FLAT, by Elliot Paul (Random, $2). Another and even more preposterous antic by the author of "The Mysterious Mickey Finn." Some merry moments, but Mr. Paul seems to be giving bawdiness the old college try. Not for serious mystery fans.

THE TERROR OF PERU, by Meade Minnigerode (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). An eighteenth-century French merchant-adventurer follows a pair of green eyes half across the world, lunging about in a way that gives terror to some and laughter to others but finally brings him into the first-class correspondence of the courts of France and Spain. The thesis is that this conqueror-buffoon typified his age in burlesquing its cardinal values. The author's determined light touch often leaves black and blue spots.

INQUEST, by Percival Wilde (Random House, $2). A story about crime and its detection which brings in quite a few amusing natives, house-party guests and does not take its two murders too seriously. Told mostly from the small-town coroner's records; fails to make sense only in occasional complications.

MADAME DORTHEA, by Sigrid Undset (Knopf, $2.50). Her husband has disappeared mysteriously, but Madame Dorthea, straight-minded eighteen-century mother, goes on raising her seven children, and keeping her Norwegian home bright and shipshape. A colorless tale in which one waits vainly for the fine touches of Kristin Lavransdatter.

Contributors

FRITZ STERNBERG, economist and military expert, contributes to The Royal Air Force Quarterly in England and The Infantry Journal here.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, who comes from New York City, was graduated in June from Syracuse University. Last winter he won The New Republic's college writing contest and his article in this issue is his prize-winning essay. He is spending the summer in the office of The New Republic in accordance with the terms of the contest. He is also completing a textbook at the college level on the forms of poetry.

FRANK J. TAYLOR, who contributes articles to numerous publications, lives in Los Altos, California.

ERSKINE CALDWELL's story in this issue is one of eight new stories in his collected volume, "Jackpot," which will soon be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practising physician in Rutherford, New Jersey. He is the author of several books of verse which have recently been collected into a complete volume, a novel, "White Mule," and a book of short stories, "Life Along the Passaic River."

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD was the editor of The Nation for many years. His most recent book was a discussion of national defense, published last summer.

LEONARD W. DOOB is an assistant professor of Psychology at Yale University. His most recent book, "The Plans of Men," is a discussion of the relationship between the social sciences and planning.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON, poet and critic, was for a time president of The Harvard Monthly.

PETER F. DRUCKER, author of "The End of Economic Man," is a member of the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.

MURRAY GODWIN is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in many magazines, among them Transition, The American Mercury, The North American Review and The New Republic.

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